



The Brentonian  
1974-1975





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BRENTWOOD COLLEGE SCHOOL  
Mill Bay, B.C.





STAFF



## THE STAFF

### HEADMASTER

D.D. Mackenzie, M.A., F.R.S.A.

### ASSISTANT HEADMASTER

T.G. Bunch, B.A.

### SENIOR MASTER and DIRECTOR OF STUDIES

W.T. Ross, B.A.

### IN CHARGE OF HOUSES

A.C. Carr, M.A. ....	Rogers House, Science
Miss Ann L. Holden, B.A. ....	Alexandra House, Biology
R.V. Lironi, B.A. ....	Privett House, Geography, English
J.L. Queen, B.Sc. ....	Whittall House, Physics
Mrs. M. Wichlinski, B.A. ....	Hilton House, French
R.S. Wynne, B.A. ....	Ellis House, English, Geography

### ACADEMIC STAFF

Mrs. N.P. Arthurs, B.A. ....	French, Spanish, Latin
H. Brackenbury, B.A. ....	Mathematics
W.J. Burrows, B.Sc. ....	Mathematics, Science
R. Cameron, M.A. ....	French, Spanish, German
R. Common, B.A. ....	English, History
R.G. Cooper, L.L.C.M. ....	Music (Instrumental and Choral)
M. Cullin, B.A. ....	English, History, Art
I.R. Ford, M.A. ....	English, Latin
J.B. Garvey, B.Sc. ....	Mathematics, Science
H.J. Martin, B.A. ....	Geography, History
A.E. Nicoll, B.ED. ....	History, English, Economics
R.G. Pitt, C.D. ....	Physical Education
Mrs. D. Pitt ....	Swimming
N.R.B. Prowse, M.A. ....	History, English
P.J. Simmons, Dip. Ed. ....	Mathematics, Science
E. Ainslie BA.Ed. ....	Library, French

### PART-TIME STAFF

J. Boel ....	Junior Band
Mrs. J. Brackenbury, B.A. ....	Remedial English
J.L. Johnson, M.Ed. ....	Choral Music
J. Kempster, C.D. ....	Art
Mrs. B. Martin ....	Ceramics

### REGISTRAR

Mrs. J.D. Mather

### NON-ACADEMIC STAFF

#### Bursar

L.M. Crookston

#### Adminstrator

H.L. Williams

Medical Staff .....	R.F. Stanley, M.D.
	Miss R.M. Ball, R.N.
	Mrs. M. Rumsby, R.N.
Headmaster's Secretary .....	Mrs. J. Lanyon
Bursar's/Administrator's Staff:	
Accountant .....	Mrs. J.E. McClure
Secretary .....	Mrs. A. Le Poole
Travel Arrangements, Stores, Etc. ....	Mrs. B. Little
Catering, Etc. ....	Mrs. E. Hallet
Laundry .....	Mrs. I. Deloume
Maintenance Foreman .....	K. McAlpine
Grounds .....	O. Finnegan

## VALETE



Miss Elizabeth Ainslie, who joined us in September as librarian and teacher of French, now moves on to a teaching position at Bench School in Cowichan Bay. Our very best wishes go with her.



**ADDRESS TO BRENTWOOD COLLEGE SCHOOL  
GRADUATING CLASS  
FRIDAY, JUNE 20th, 1975  
Mr. D. Phillips, MLA**

Mr. Chairman, Head Table Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen and Graduates: I am very honored today to have the opportunity to address this very distinguished group of both parents and graduates. The graduating class is not only a distinguished but a very special group of graduates because today you have successfully completed your studies here at Brentwood and you are special because you are different from most graduating classes in that you have overcome the first hurdle in life, the hurdle of leaving home. I suppose that hurdle was easier for some of you because maybe you considered it a pleasure to leave home, but I know it was a great sacrifice for most of you. Most graduating classes from the public school system still have to overcome that particular hardship.

You have had the opportunity during the past few years to attend an institution which is very highly regarded not only in British Columbia but in all of Canada, and indeed some parts of the world. Brentwood College School is an institution which taxes not only the mind but the physical body as well. You have had the opportunity to be taught by a group of teachers who are specifically devoted and just not here to receive their pay cheque. They have taken a special interest in all of your activities, and I can see by the comments recently made here today that there has been a good rapport between teachers and students.

You have also had the opportunity during your stay at Brentwood to be taught discipline. This disciplinary training which you have received will be of great benefit to you throughout the rest of your life. So it has been the combination of the devotion of the teachers, the teaching methods, the students and the parents who have given you this opportunity to make you a very special group.

The opportunity you had to attend this school was due to the fact that there was an opportunity of choice in society. This school was created because somebody cared and made the sacrifice to create this institution. It was the availability of the freedom to experiment in new teaching methods which gave the opportunity of choice. These opportunities and freedom that existed that made this institution available to you are being challenged today. There are forces at work in our society that would destroy this freedom of choice, but freedom does not come easily. With each freedom there must be an equal responsibility. When people in a society do not live up to their responsibilities that they must take in a free society there can be no freedom. To understand what I am saying you must look at history.

This country was built by pioneers who came from other lands. They came to this country because they wanted the opportunity to own their own homes, to own land, to be

able to build businesses, and to worship as they chose. They wanted to make a new life for themselves and their families. These pioneers put up with many hardships. They had to fight the climate and the elements and had only crude tools to use. The hardships they endured and overcame made the life which we enjoy today possible.

These people were, however, free, and they did not look to the government for handouts. We inherited this land and this life that they created by the sweat of their brow.

Your challenge has to be — what are you going to do with what you have inherited!

Most of you students today come out of what I refer to as the easy life of the sixties, the soft life where everything was free and easy, and your parents were able to make money easily. This life just cannot continue. There must be changes made and the challenge, of course, is what changes are you going to make?

As I said before, the freedom of the individual is being challenged. Freedom is being sacrificed for security. The initiative of the individual is being killed.

Your challenge just has to be to recognize the spirit of the early pioneers. The late John Kennedy said in a challenge to the people of his nation — "think not of what your country can do for you, but think of what you can do for your country". This statement was made not in a time but at a time when the very foundations of his country were being challenged.

The battle of today is not the battle of free enterprise vs. the state, not the battle of private enterprise vs. the state; it is the battle of the individual vs. the state. Are you going to give up and give in?

Have you the guts to take your chances and receive your rewards? Can you face this challenge? Are you going to trade future liberty and freedom for handouts today? Are you going to let the government do your thinking for you? Are you going to trade your future, your future liberty and your future freedom because you do not want to live up to these responsibilities? Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States from 1809 to 1865, wrote these words in 1860, and they are as applicable today as they were then:

"You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift."

"You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong."

"You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich."

"You cannot build character and courage by taking away initiative and independence."

"You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves."

Graduates, the challenge is yours.

# VALEDICTORIAN'S SPEECH

Bruce A. McKinnon — Awards Day — June 20, 1975

Honoured Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Headmaster, Staff and Fellow Graduates:

May I start by saying what a pleasure it is for me to have the honour of being Valedictorian. It is trivial that I am terrified, but the honour lies in the fact that I am the first ever to be chosen here at Brentwood. For that honour I thank **you**, Graduates of '75.

For me, this day is the end of 5 of the most profitable and enjoyable years of my life. Several other of you Graduates in this room now have shared with me the victories and defeats of those 5 years and I am sure all of you who have shared this year with me feel much the way I do now — that it is fantastic to get out of school after so long, but in leaving Brentwood, you are able to look back and see what good this school has done for you.

Improvement and progress have always been major concerns of the school over the last years. I speak of this with reference to all aspects of school activity. Academics, Athletics, Fine Arts and especially the little things like the food have improved with time. The evidence is before you on your tables.

While on the subject of improvement and progress, certainly **THE** most significant and enjoyable change Brentwood has experienced has been the injection of

females into the College blood stream. Their smiling beauty, coupled with great encouragement, enthusiasm and goodliness make them all totally enjoyable (for obvious reasons!!). And so I would like to thank Miss Holden and Mrs. Wichlinski and your often uncontrollable ladies for making Brentwood that much more enjoyable for us boys. (as Shelley wrote — "Tameless and swift and proud")

I think that the students here at Brentwood are a fortunate lot because we have a group of ladies and gentlemen who's job it is to tame us and mould us into learned individuals. For them the job is difficult requiring great strength and determination (indeed the student too must endure the hardships of their classes) but they do a tremendous job and I would like to thank them immensely — I speak, of course, of the staff.

What does the future hold for todays Grade 8's? I can only hope they will have as much fun as I have had and also when they leave Brentwood they leave as bolder, more mature individuals. Brentwood must grow and continue to grow, and seeds are germinating now in the junior grades which I am sure will blossom into fine young people.

In closing, I would like to thank you, Mr. Headmaster, Mr. Bunch and Staff, so very much for all you have done, as we, your Graduates of '75 bid you farewell.

B.A. McKinnon







**D.D. Mackenzie, M.A. F.R.S.A.**

Ladies and Gentlemen: May I first welcome such a large group of parents and friends of the school to another presentation of awards afternoon. It is so nice to see so many enthusiastic people and have them come to join us for this occasion. — anticipatory fathers and expectant mothers.

The first thing I suppose I should do is to make some comment about this changed school, changed not only in numbers but in content. We are this year 245 boys and 60 girls, a vast difference from what we were some 3 or 4 years ago. This development, I may say, was strongly urged by the Downey Committee who visited this school some eight years ago and who recommended that we increase our numbers to between 300 and 350. Next September we shall be precisely half way between these two with 325 and this, for the foreseeable future, will be our maximum. In order to accommodate more students we would have to build more classrooms, more residences, more laboratories, more playing fields, and this, I feel, would be too big a job. Besides which, the present figure still enables us all to know each student personally, the hallmark of our profession here at Brentwood.

In academics I should report that Jerry Klima won the British Columbia High School Science Fair Competition and was sent then to Toronto where he finished second in the National Competition. In the University of Victoria Symposium this year we had three observers chosen from five entries so you see our academics remain strong. It is early enough yet to say to what universities our students have been admitted but we have had acceptances from McGill, from Toronto as well as from British Columbia and Alberta universities.

I am somewhat concerned that on our academic reports we used to note a student's height and weight at the beginning and end of each term. One lad started the term with a height of 4'9" and finished, according to the report, at 4'8". The Housemaster, concerned about this, finally commented "He is settling in nicely." We have not included such details in our reports since.

In Fine Arts we have been most active. The Mikado was produced with some great success just before Christmas. The Choir and Band have both been very busy with festivals and concerts and each, I may say, extremely

successful. The students and staff put on a fine concert at the end of the Easter Term while the Dramatic Society produced *Everyman* last Wednesday night.

In Sports our Rowing Eight have once again been quite outstanding winning the Independent Schools and Western Canadian titles. They went to St. Catherine's where they finished fourth but against schools, all of whom used Grade 13 students, some of 21 and 22, and they broke the previous record. They qualified last week to go to the Canadian Youth Championships in Montreal and I think their accomplishments will be worth watching. The girls too have achieved great things in this sport and the Women's Singles were won by Barbara Sutherland while Valerie Knowles joined her in winning the Doubles. In addition, we have participated in girls and mixed field hockey, ice hockey, rugby and a most tremendous variety of other sports. We used to have a very enthusiastic Jewish mother who came to all the rugby games until half way through last season. Noticing her absence for three games all in a row I phoned her and asked why it was she had not been recently. She confided to me that she just realized what the ball was made of.

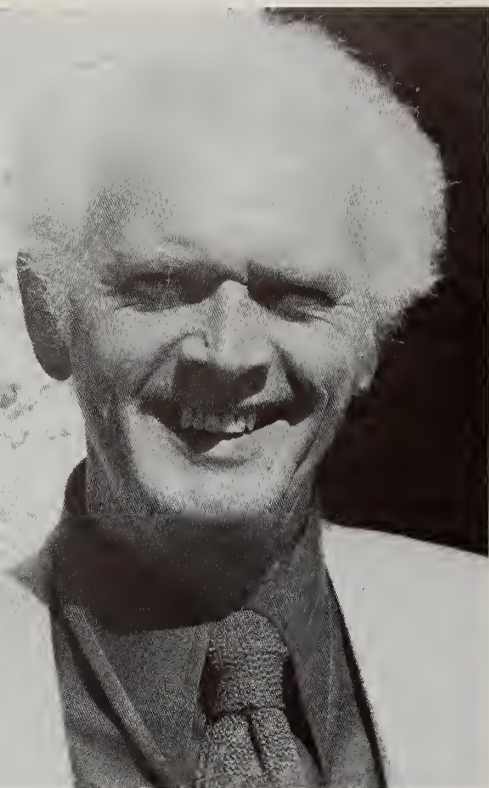
In our academic staff only Miss Ainslie leaves the Library. All others return for which I am most grateful. I was a little under the weather at Christmas and after. While in hospital the Board of Governors met and the Secretary sent me a telegram which read "The Board have met and passed a motion for your speedy recovery — by a vote of 13 to 12. The staff were rather more kind than that, adjusted beautifully to the situation and the school carried on better than ever. I am most grateful indeed to each and every one. Likewise goes my gratitude to the non-academic staff all of whom have remained most co-operative and cheerful. We are indeed lucky at this school with those who work here.

And for the future, as I hinted at the beginning, we will get no bigger, at least not for the foreseeable future. Applications rush in and we are full at almost every level. At the moment things look very healthy.

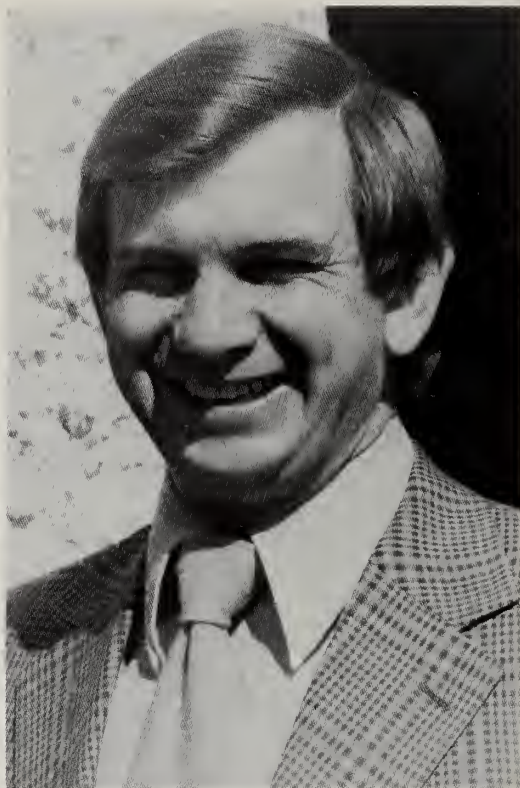
To the Graduating Class the message has already been given and in most articulate style by Mr. Phillips. All I can say to you now is good luck. It has been very nice having you here.

D.D. Mackenzie

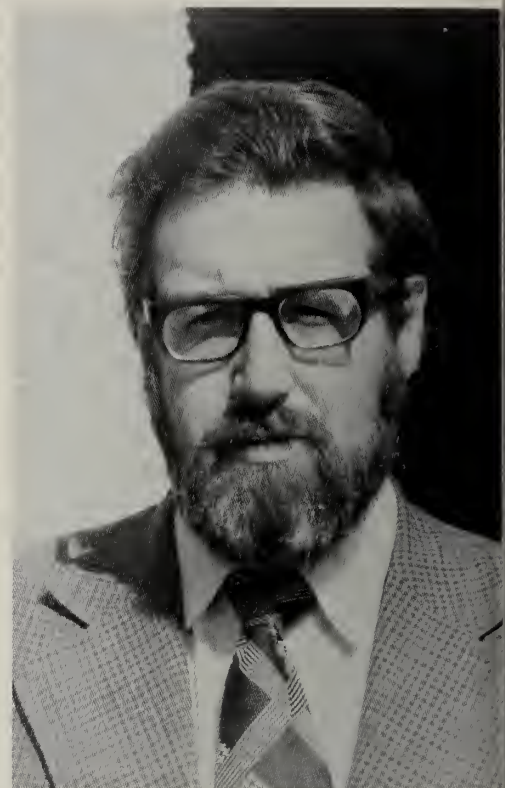




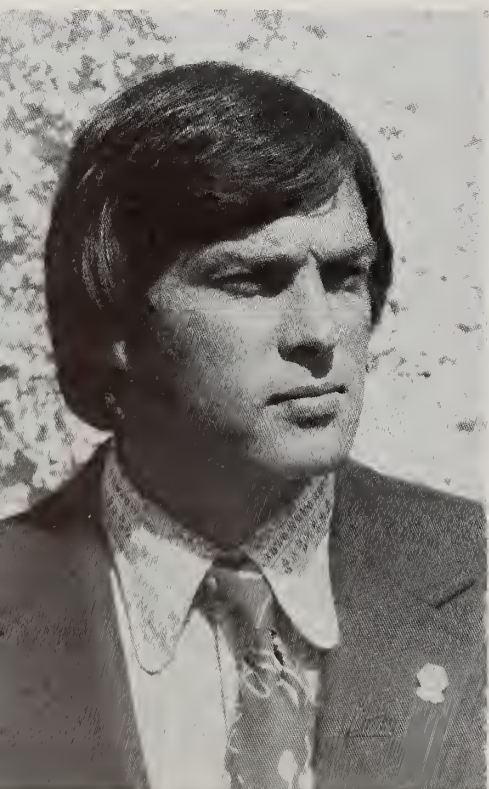
**T.G. Bunch, B.A.**  
**Assistant Headmaster**



**W.T. Ross, B.A.**  
**Senior Master and**  
**Director of Studies**



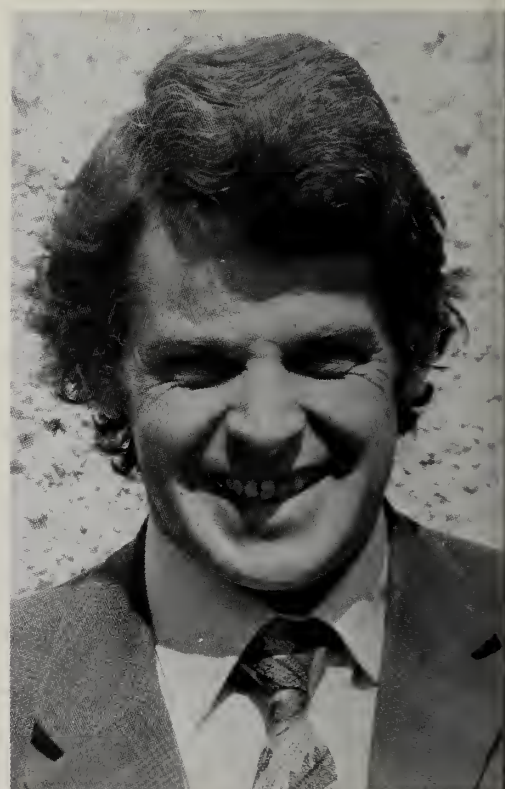
**W.J. Burrows, B.Sc.**



**J.B. Garvey, B.Sc.**



**M. Cullin, B.A.**



**H.J. Martin, B.A.**





**R.S. Wynne, B.A.**



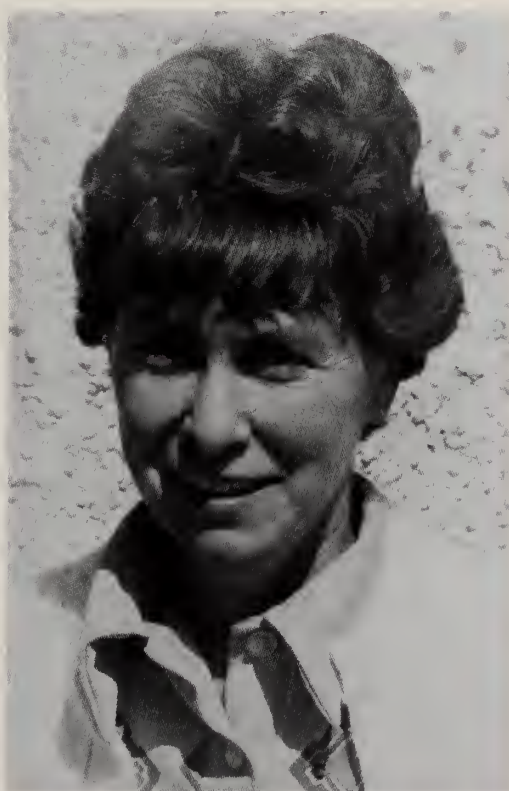
**N. Prowse, M.A.**



**A.C. Carr, M.A.**



**Miss Ann L. Holden, B.A.**

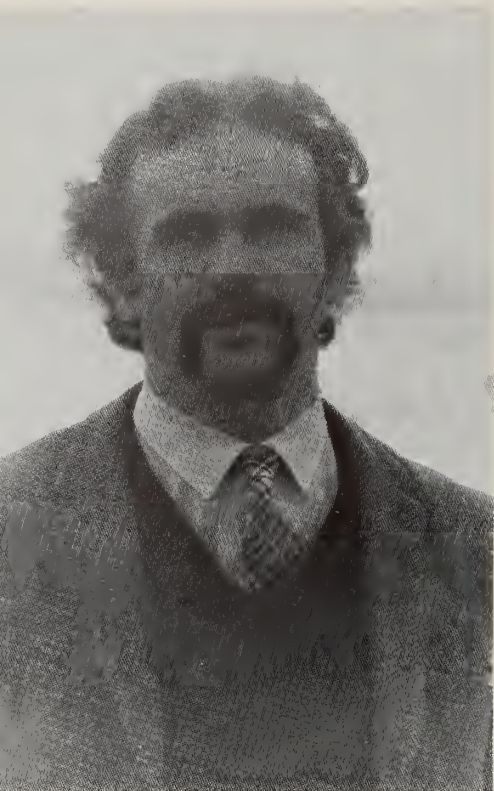


**Mrs. J.D. Mather  
Registrar**



**Mrs. M. Wichlinski, B.A.**

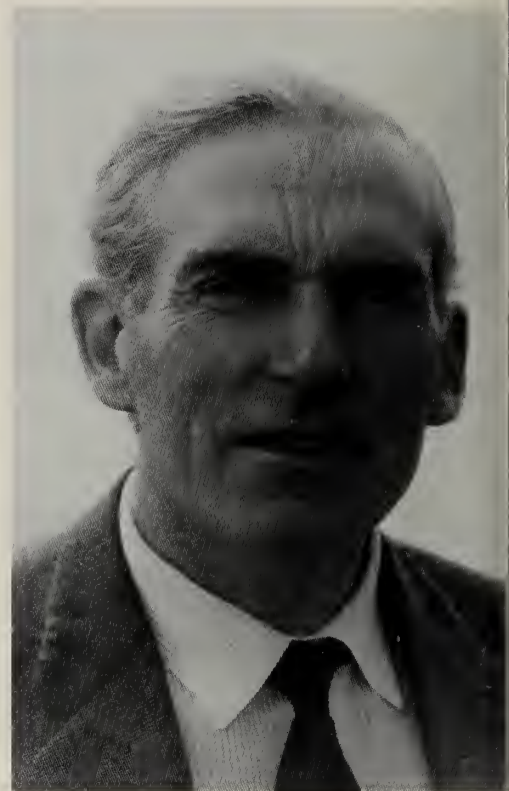




**R. Common, B.A.**



**V. Lironi, B.A.**



**A.E. Nicoll, B.Ed.**



**J. Kempster, C.D.**



**Mrs. N.P. Arthurs, B.A.**

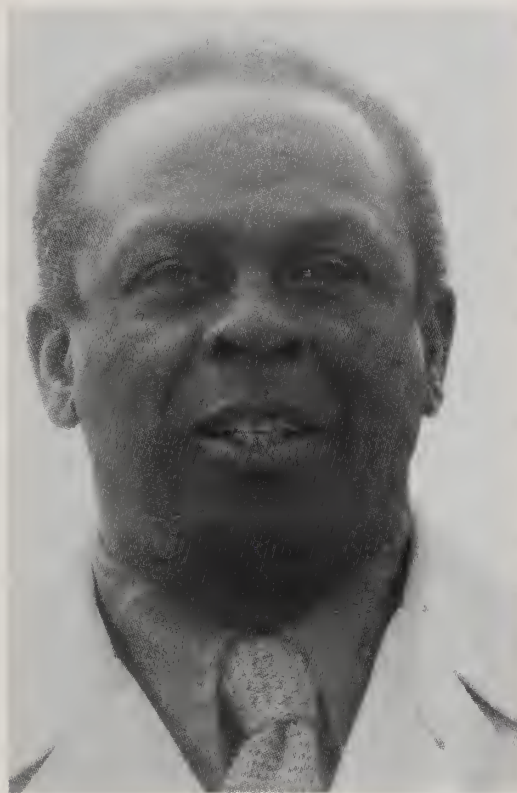


**Mrs. J. Brackenbury, B.A.**





**R.G. Cooper, L.L.C.M.**



**J.L. Johnson, M.Ed.**



**R. Cameron, M.A.**



**H. Brackenbury, B.A.**

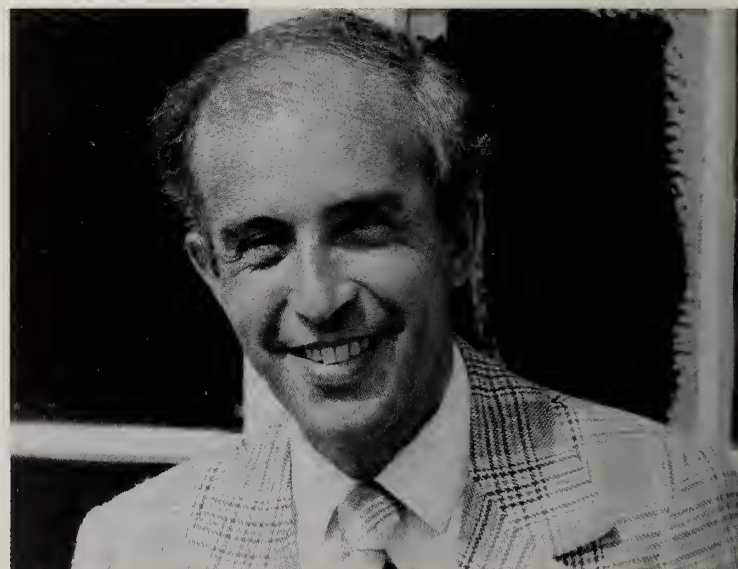


**I.R. Ford, M.A.**



**P.J. Simmons, Dip.Ed.**





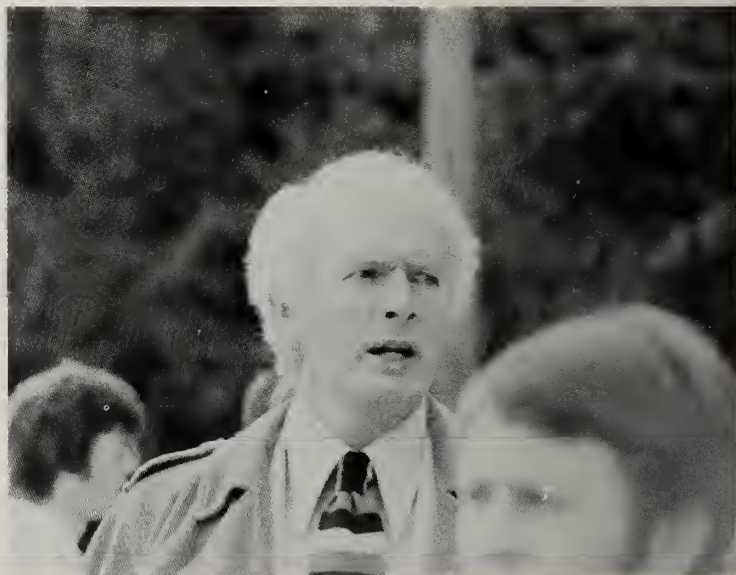
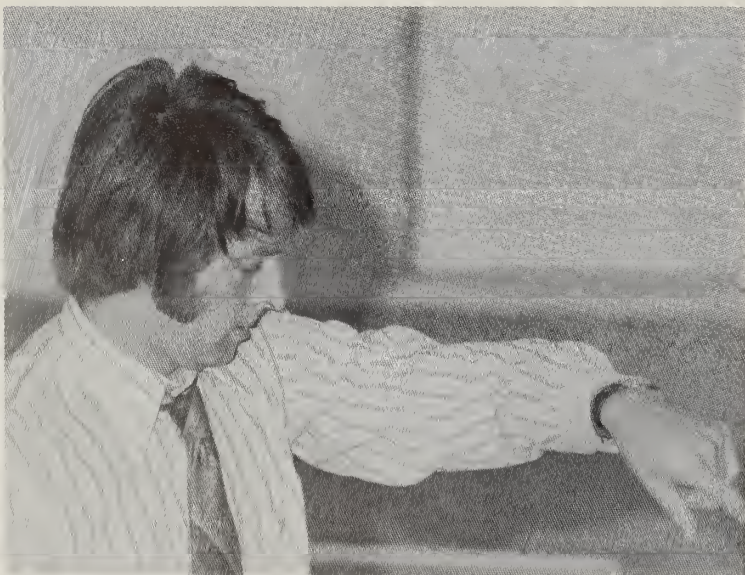
**R.G. Pitt, C.D.  
and  
Mrs. D. Pitt**

**J.L. Queen, B.Sc.**













GRADUATES

ANDREA AINSWORTH  
Vancouver

Hilton House  
Soccer Team  
2nd II Grass Hockey  
Senior Band  
Pottery

JERRY MARSHALL ALMOND  
Calgary

Rogers House  
1st XV Rugby  
Choir  
Member of the S.R.C.



NONA-LYNNE AVREN  
Victoria

Drama  
Choir  
Mikado  
Badminton  
Tennis

RALPH BACKER  
Ilo, Peru

Rogers House  
IVth XV Rugby  
Tennis B Team  
Choir  
Member of the S.R.C.  
Mikado  
H.M.S. Pinafore  
The Gondaleers



TOM RICHARD BENZ  
Edmonton

Rogers House  
Second Fifteen Rugby  
Coach and Captain of  
Brentwood Senior Basketball  
Prime consumer of cafeteria goods  
Sailing

PETER BOOTH  
Nanaimo

Ellis House "Heat"  
Captain Ellis House  
Captain 2nd XV  
1st XI Soccer (74,75)  
Choir (70-75)  
Mikado  
Damn Yankees  
1974 Rugby Tour Group  
2nd XV Grass Hockey



BRIAN BULLEN  
Comox

Whittall House  
School Prefect  
Assistant of Whittall House  
1st XV Rugby  
1st XI Grasshockey  
Senior Band  
Choir

RON BURKE  
Vancouver

Whittall House Prefect  
Captain 4th XV Rugby  
2nd XI Grasshockey  
Senior Band

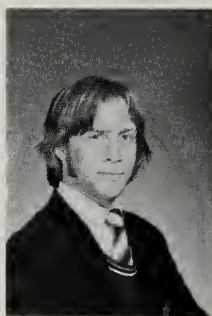


PHILIP JOHN D'ARCY BUTTERFIELD  
Victoria

Senior House  
House Prefect  
Grad Committee  
Student Activities Committee  
2nd XV Rugby  
Senior Band  
Pottery - potting  
Choir  
Mikado  
Tennis  
Member of S.R.  
Soccer 1st XI

MICHAEL CAMP  
Toronto

Drama  
Flying  
Ellis House Prefect  
Graduation Committee  
2nd XV Rugby  
Field Hockey  
Danm Yankees







ANDREW CARTWRIGHT  
Calgary

Privett House Captain  
School Prefect  
Captain of Lightweights  
'75 Rowing Tour  
2nd XV  
Rambler



ROBERT D. CHAPMAN  
Edmonton

Rogers House  
House Prefect  
Fifth XV Rugby  
Curling Team  
Tennis Group  
Tennis Co-ordinator  
Volleyball  
Art  
Scholarship English



ALLAN WILLIAM CLARK  
Calgary

Rogers House  
4th XV Rugby



LINDA COOPER  
Chilliwack

Hilton  
Grass Hockey First XI  
Soccer XI  
Mikado  
Choir



CATRIONA ISABELLA CUPPLES  
Victoria

Alex  
House Prefect  
Rowing  
Choir  
Ceramics  
Scholarships



RUSSELL DAVIDSON  
Calgary

Rogers House  
Swimming — Tie  
Gymnastics  
Rambling  
Scuba Diving Club & Instructor  
Audio Visual Tech.



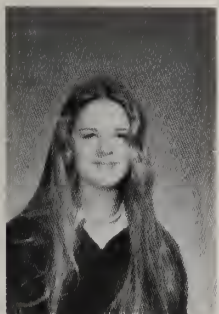
HILARY DOWNEY  
West Vancouver

Alex House  
Drama  
Choir  
Mikado  
1st XI Grasshockey Team  
Tennis



PETER DUNCAN EVERETT  
Vancouver

Privett  
House Prefect  
Sailing Team — Colours  
5th XV  
Student Audio visual Technician (Mgr.)  
Curling Team "Skip" House & School  
Tennis Group



MARY-JO FETTERLY  
Kamloops

Alex House  
1st VIII Rowing (Girls)  
Rugby Team (Girls)  
Soccer (Girls)  
2nd XI Hockey (Girls)  
Drama Club  
Midado (princ.)  
Choir  
Everyman



SHAWN FLYNN  
Parksville

Rogers House  
1st XV Rugby  
Sailing Team  
Riding  
Grass Hockey  
Art

STEWART CRAIG FRITH  
North Vancouver

Whittall House  
House Prefect  
4th XV Rugby Club  
Midado  
Tennis Group  
Senior Band  
Curling  
Art

DODI GALLER  
Edmonton

Hilton House  
Girls 1st VIII Rowing  
Girls 2nd XI Hockey  
Girls Rugby Team  
Drama  
Choir  
Art  
Mikado

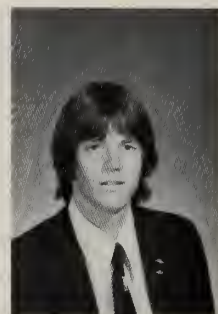


JIM GRAHAM  
Burnaby

Privett House Prefect  
1st XV — Colours  
1st VIII  
1974 Rugby Tour  
1975 Rowing Tour  
Band

DAVID GRIFFITHS  
Vancouver

Rogers House  
1st XI Soccer  
Senior Band  
Midado  
Bronze Medallion



LYNDA GERVAIS  
Bend, Oregon

Alexandra  
Ceramics  
Mikado  
Photography  
Art  
1st XI Soccer (Girls)  
2nd XI Field Hockey (Girls)  
1st XV Rugby (Girls)  
Tennis  
Mikado

BLAKE HANBURY  
Kamloops

Ellis House  
House Prefect  
4th XV Rugby  
Art  
Curling  
Tennis







LOUISE HARKEMA  
Salt Spring Is.

Hilton House  
2nd XI Grasshockey  
Riding



SUE HEBB  
Lantzville

Hilton House  
Choir  
1st XI Grass Hockey  
Rowing  
Ellis House Volleyball  
Drama  
Mikado



MAUREEN HENDRY  
Brandon

Hilton House  
Horseback Riding  
Member of S.R.C.  
2nd XI Field Hockey  
Rowing



WILLY HUGHES  
North Vancouver

Rogers  
1st VIII Rowing  
England Rowing Tour  
Choir  
1st XV Rugby  
Volleyball



ANDREA JACKSON  
Mill Bay, V.I.

Hilton House (Whittall)  
1st XI Hockey  
Photography Club  
Art  
Riding  
S.R. Member  
Scholarships



KARI KILLY  
Tsawwassen

Hilton  
Grass Hockey 2nd XI  
Rambling  
Choir  
Mikado  
Art



TERESA LAICO  
Port Angeles

Hilton House  
Choir  
Art  
"Mikado" 74-75  
"Damn Yankees" 73-74  
Badminton  
Tennis  
Member of S.R.

KEVIN M. LAMB  
Vancouver

Rogers House  
House Prefect  
2nd XV Rugby  
Curling  
Tennis Group  
Tennis Co-ordinator  
Field Hockey  
Ellis House  
Curling Team  
Scholarships  
T.a.B's English Comp.



DOUGLAS LANGER  
Prince George

Rogers House  
Head Prefect  
House Captain  
Senior Band  
Art  
2nd XV Rugby  
Swimming — Bronze Cross

GARY LARE  
St. Thomas

Whittall House Prefect  
1st XV Rugby  
Ski Team  
Track & Field  
Art (Photography)  
Scuba Diving



JONATHAN P. LAX  
Sidney

Senior House  
Athletics Pin  
Colts XV Rugby  
Rambling Instructor  
Art

BENNY LING  
Hong Kong

Rogers House  
Badminton Team  
Art  
Typing  
School's Table-Tennis Champion







RUTH LLOYD  
Powell River

Alexandra House  
School Prefect  
2nd XI Grass Hockey  
1st XV Girls Rugby  
Rowing Girls  
Cross-Country Running/Track  
Senior Band  
Van. Is. Symphony Orchestra  
House Captain



BRUCE LO  
Hong Kong

Rogers House  
Sailing Team — Colours  
Senior Band  
1st Field-Hockey Team  
Curling  
Badminton Group



JAMES LO  
Hong Kong

Rogers House  
House Prefect  
4th XV Rugby  
Swimming  
Volleyball  
Art  
Rowing



ERIC MAASSEN III  
Palm Springs

Rogers House  
President of S.R.C.  
4th XV Rugby  
Tennis Team  
Art  
Volleyball  
Damn Yankees



AILEEN MACLEOD  
Port Alice

Hilton House  
Rowing Team  
Drama  
Make-up for the Mikado



MOLLY MAK  
Hong Kong

Hilton  
Rambler  
Choir Member

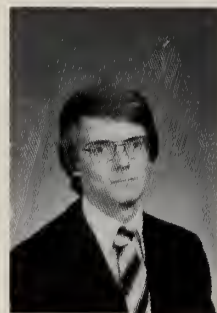


**KEN MALLETT**  
Edmonton

Roger's House  
Sailing Team 73-74  
Curling Team  
Swimming  
Art

**MALCOLM GRAY MATHESON**  
North Vancouver

Whittall  
House Prefect Whittall  
Audio Visual Technician  
Mikado  
Rambling Instructor  
5th XV Rugby  
Brentwood Choir



**RHONA MCADAM**  
Victoria

Hilton House  
Choir  
Badminton  
Tennis  
Track & Field  
Whittall Basketball  
Whittall Volleyball

**ANDREA MCDONALD**  
Vancouver

Alexandra House  
House Prefect  
2nd XI Grasshockey  
Girls XV Rugby  
Mikado  
U.Vic Symposium  
Choir  
Rambler (Inst.)



**ANNA MCINTOSH**  
Vancouver

Hilton House  
Choir  
Soccer (1st XI Girls)  
Badminton Team  
Rugby  
Art  
Photography  
Mikado  
Horseback Riding

**MAYLAND MCKIMM**  
Sidney

2nd XV Rugby  
2nd XI Field Hockey  
Ice Hockey  
Drama Club  
"Everyman"  
Sr. Band  
Student World  
Reporter  
Grad. Committee  
Ellis House Prefect  
Damn Yankees







BRUCE MCKINNON  
Calgary

Roger's House  
Scool Prefect  
1st XV Rugby — colors 73-74, vice capt. 74-75  
1st XI Hockey — 72-73, 73-74, Captain 74-75  
Colours  
Drama  
Electrics  
Photography



DEBBIE MCLAWS  
Calgary

Hilton  
Choir  
Sailing  
Rambling  
Swimming



CATHY MCQUEEN  
Richmond

Hilton House  
Choir  
Art  
Swimming



ROBERT MELLISH  
Anchorage

Rogers  
2nd XV Rugby  
Flying 1974



EILEEN MILLER  
Nanaimo

Hilton  
House Prefect  
1st XI Hockey  
1st VIII Rowing (Girls)  
Choir  
Mikado  
Fencing  
Ceramics



R.H. MILNE  
Vancouver

Ellis House  
Prefect (House)  
1st XV Manager  
Art  
Drama  
Stage Manager  
Assistant to Director  
House Manager  
Damn Yankees  
Mikado  
Soccer (Manager)  
Grass Hockey



TAKABUMI NOGUCHI  
Tokyo

Privett House Prefect  
1st XV Rugby — Colours  
1974 Rugby Tour Group  
1st XI Soccer  
1st XI Grasshockey — Colours



DAVID OGILVIE  
Seattle

Rogers House  
1st XV Rugby  
Tennis Team  
Mikado  
Art  
Drama  
Ski Team  
Soccer



BETH PALASKE  
Denver

Hilton  
SAC Committee  
Grad Committee  
Captain Girls Soccer  
Hockey Team & Sub.  
for 1st XI's (Girls)  
Potting  
Choir



SUE PEARSON  
West Vancouver

Hilton House  
1st XI Grass Hockey — Colours  
Girls Rowing  
Mikado  
Choir  
Art  
Typing  
Photography  
Girls Rugby 1st XV  
Student World Reporter

MARK PHILLIPS  
Dawson Creek

Rogers House  
House Prefect  
P.L. (Pack Leader) 1st XV  
1st VIII Captain  
Colours Rugby and rowing  
England Rowing Tour  
Hockey Rep. Team  
74 Canadian Youth

CHRIS PILCHER (Exchange)  
Toronto

Rogers House  
Track & Field



GEOFF REED  
Mexico City

Whittall House  
House Prefect  
'74 Rugby Tour  
1st XV (Colours)  
1st XI Soccer  
1st XI Hockey  
Track 73,74,75 — Colours  
Art (Photography)

MURRAY REYNOLDS  
Edmonton

Whittall  
Assistant Head Boy  
Captain of Whittall House  
Captain Rowing  
1st VIII Colours England Rowing Tour 75  
2nd XV  
'74 Canadian Youth VIII



ELIZABETH RICHARDS  
Victoria

Hilton  
Rambling

CHRIS ROBERTS  
Sidney

Rogers House  
2nd XI Field Hockey  
Art  
Curling  
Sailing Team — Tie  
Swimming

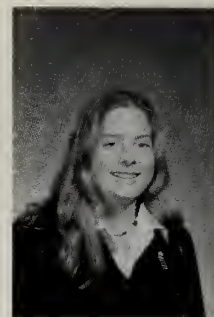


TIMOTHY ROBINSON  
Mable Bay

4th XV Rugby  
1st XI Field Hockey  
2nd XI Soccer  
Sailing Team  
Drama  
1973 Exchange Student  
Damn Yankees

SARAH RONCARELLI  
Toronto

Alexandra  
2nd XI Hockey  
Soccer  
1st XV Rugby (Girls)  
Mikado  
Art  
Choir  
Gymnastics



NORMAN GORDON ROOT  
Victoria and Vancouver

Rogers House  
4th XV Rugby Club  
Mitchell Kicking Trophy  
Rob Soukop Memorial Trophy (Golf)  
Senior Band  
Coach and Ass. Capt.  
Brentwood Senior Basketball  
Captain of Golf

ANNE SCRINGER  
Levici, Italy

Hilton  
Student Activities Committee  
Grad Committee  
House Prefect  
Girls Rowing Crew  
Grass Hockey  
Drama 74-75  
Mikado  
Damn Yankees  
Choir 74-75







SHELAGH SMITH  
Yellowknife

Hilton House  
Senior Band  
Choir  
Mikado  
Rambling  
Badminton



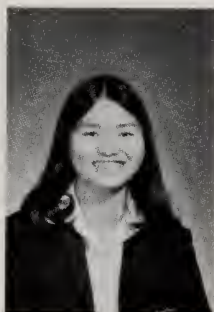
DAVID SPENCER  
Mexico City

Whittall House  
School Prefect  
1st XV Rugby 75  
Rugby Tour 74  
Rugby Colours  
1st XI Soccer 74, 75  
Track Team 73,74,75  
Cooke trophy (Rugby)  
Choir



DEREK SHARPE  
Campbell River

Ellis House (Ass. Head)  
School Prefect  
1st XI Soccer 72,73,74,75 (Colours) Capt.  
1st XVCapt. 75 (74 Tour) (Colours)  
1st XI Grasshockey 74/75  
(Lighting)



ANNE SHI  
Hong Kong

Alexandra House  
Choir  
Typing  
Mikado  
Badminton  
Swimming



JANIE STUDER  
Edmonton

House — Hilton  
Badminton  
Tennis  
Rowing  
(Track) & Field  
Piano  
Member of the S.R.  
House Basketball  
Typing



JUDITH THOMSON  
Cuajone, Peru

Alexandra  
House Prefect  
Girls Rowing Team  
Choir  
Ceramics  
Rambler  
Scholarships  
Mikado



BRIDGET TROUSDELL  
Ottawa

Hilton House (Ellis)  
1st XI Hockey Captain  
Band  
Choir  
1st XV Girls Rugby  
Grad Committee  
Mikado  
Damn Yankees  
Track & Field  
Scholarships



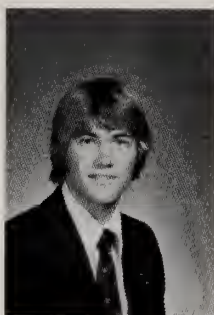
SANDRA WALLACE  
Vancouver

Hilton  
School Prefect (Head of Hilton)  
Academic Colours  
Art & Ceramics  
Rambling



CHRIS WENSLEY  
West Vancouver

Privett House  
School Prefect  
2nd XV Rugby  
1st VIII Rowing  
Drama — Damn Yankees



DONALD YOUNG  
Portland

Privett House  
1st XV Rugby  
1st XI Soccer  
Sailing Captain  
Sailing Colours  
Track and Field  
Sailing Team  
1974 Curling



BAND

# AWARDS

## FOURTEENTH ANNUAL PRESENTATION OF AWARDS AND PRIZES

Friday, June 20, 1974

### ACADEMIC AWARDS

#### Grade VIII

English	Andrew O'Brien-Bell
History	Jamie Green
Geography	Gregg Pritchard
Mathematics	Peter Holmes
Science	Brian Dillon
French	Blair Crawford
Latin	Chico Newell

#### Grade IX

English	Gerald Backer
History	Howell Lyons
Geography	Todd Pritchard
Mathematics	Dale Bannerman
Science	Ian Wallace
French	David Angus

#### Grade X

English	Samuel Jackson
History	Nicholas Chadwick
Geography	Philip Walker
Mathematics	Kelly Smith
Science	Bradley Pettinger
French	John Yerxa
Music	James Shipley

#### Grade XI

English	Jerome Klima
History	Patrick Hogan

Economics  
Geography  
Mathematics  
Biology  
Chemistry  
Physics  
French  
Beg. Latin  
Music

Gerald Yerxa  
Steven Hill  
Koi Kee Lim  
Patrick Leung  
Martin Lacey  
Geoffrey Hall  
Wayne Hum  
Wendy Baxter  
Neil Joyce

#### Grade XII

English Literature	Nona-Lynne Avren
Creative English	
Florence Scott Award	Wendy Baxter
History	Kevin Lamb
Geography	Andrea McDonald
Civilisation	Molly Mak
Mathematics	Ruth Lloyd
Computer	
Programming	Stan Worsley
Senior Biology	Kenneth Mallett
Senior Chemistry	Annie Shi
Senior Physics	Ruth Lloyd
creative Science	
Kenning Trophy	Jerome Klima
Senior French	Nona-Lynne Avren
Senior Spanish	David Spencer
Senior German	Dorothee Galler

#### Graduates with Academic Honours:

Nona-Lynne Avren	Molly Mak
Ralph Backer	Annie Shi
Catriona Cupples	Sandra Wallace
Ruth Lloyd	



# SCHOOL PREFECTS



(Standing) S. Wallace, B. McKinnon, B. Bullen, C. Wensley,  
P. Booth, D. Spencer, A. Cartwright.  
(Sitting) D. Sharpe, D. Langer (Head Prefect), Mr. D.D.  
MacKenzie (Head Master) H. Reynolds, R. Lloyd.



Houses



# ALEXANDRA HOUSE & HILTON HOUSE



In September 1974, 63 girls were enrolled in the school and hence the establishment of 2 girls residences — Alex House and Hilton House (for a long time a male enclave, but now converted and carpeted for 24 girls) Alex House therefore had 31 girls in it, and was also used by the day girls of whom there were 8. The school prefect in Alex was Ruth Lloyd and the house prefects were Catriona Cupples, Andrea McDonald and Judy Thomson, all of whom did an excellent job of helping in the running of the house. Miss Holden in her third year at Brentwood, was assisted by

Miss E. Ainslie, who lived in the Hilton but served as the assistant for the two houses, supervising prep and doing house duties.

The girls this year came from such far away places as Peru and such near at hand places as Victoria, and although the majority of girls were B.C. residents, we also had girls from Alberta, Ontario and Bend, Oregon!!! Among our more athletic members we had Sylvia Fenwick-Wilson, Nancy Liden, both of whom will be remembered for their soccer success. Ruth Lloyd, the head

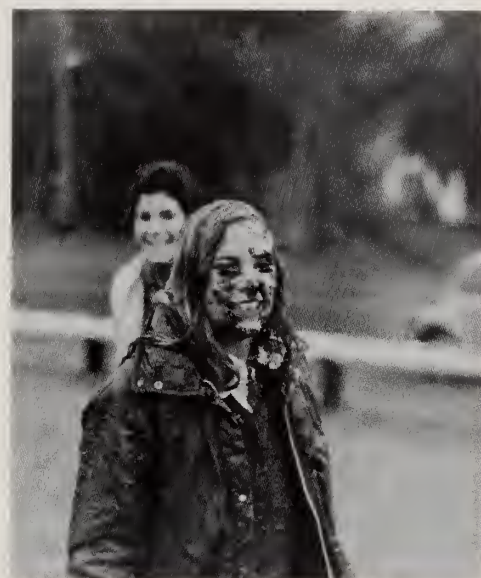
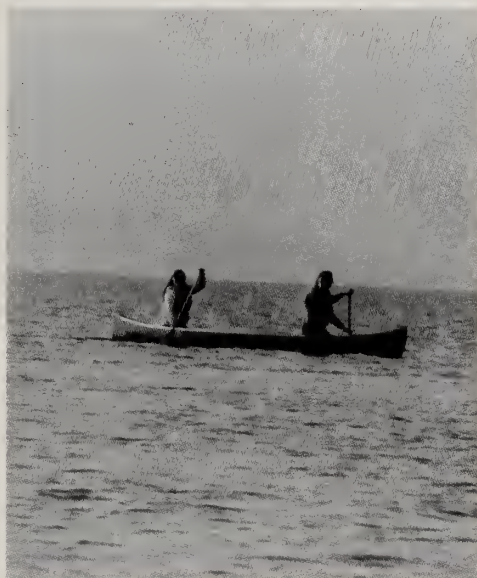


of house distinguished herself in a number of areas of athletic pursuits, including rowing and Barb Sutherland proved to be a good all round athlete, but distinguished herself in rowing in particular. Among our more musical members, two members of the house played lead roles in the Mikado production Mary-Jo Fetterly, and Isabella Morrisson and about 80% of the house were members of the chorus of the Mikado.

Our house outings took place at Christmas and at the end of the summer term. At Christmas, both Alex and Hilton House went to Smitty's Pancake House in 'down-town' Duncan for our Christmas breakfast, which was a great success once we all got there. At the end of the

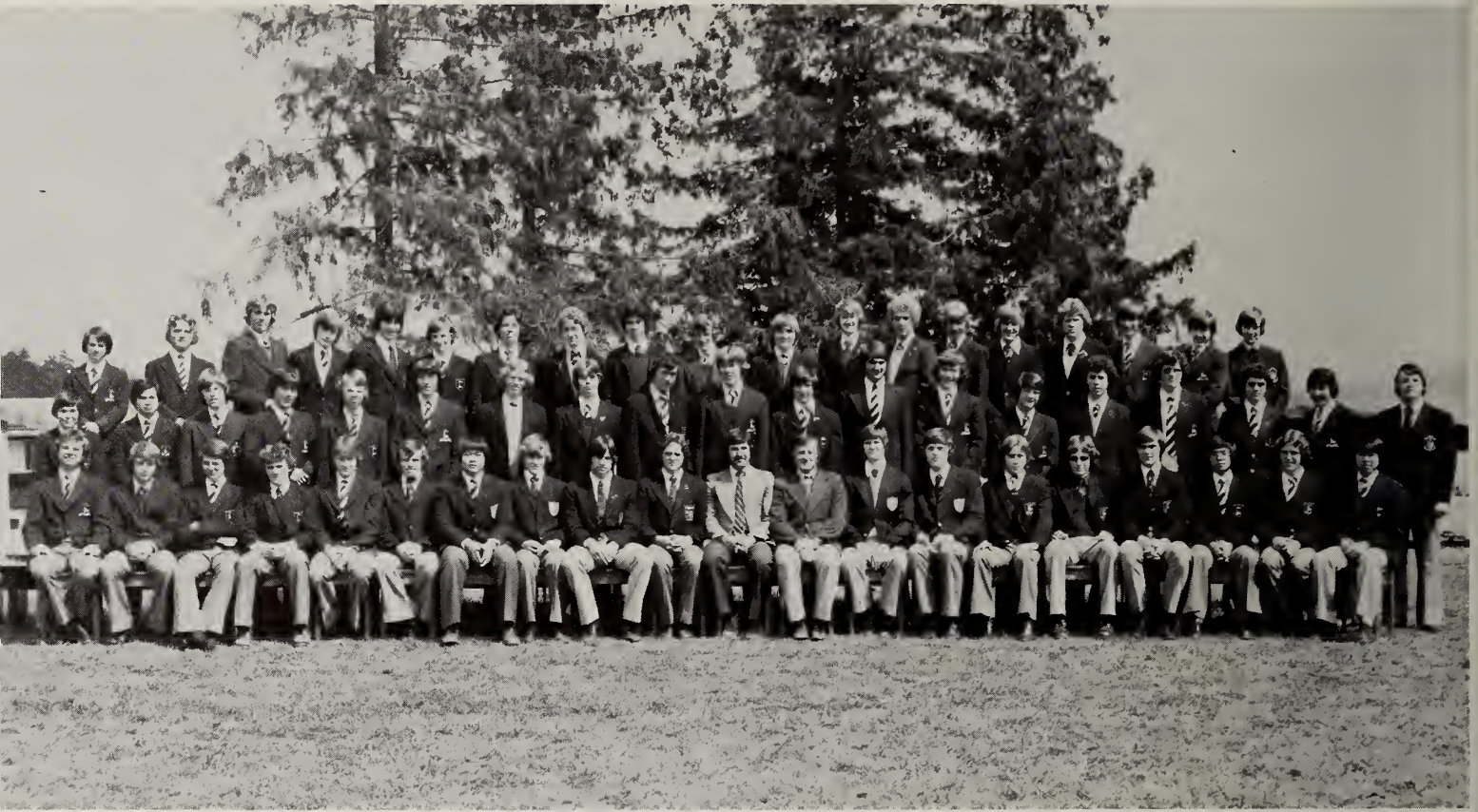
summer term, both houses again went together to celebrate the end of the year, by a buffet meal at the Beachcomber which proved to be a great success, and provided a most pleasant end to the year. We said fond farewells to our grade 12 members — Catriona Cupples, Nona Avren, Hilary Downey, Andrea McDonald, Judy Thomson, Sarah Roncarelli, Mary-Jo Fetterly, Lynda Gervais, Annie Shi and Ruth Lloyd, and wish them well. All the grade 11 students will be returning in September with the exception of our youngest (and smallest member) Arlene Sittler, who leaves us, and we wish her every success in her new school, and hope for another 'small fry' to come along to cox the girls in 76!

M. Wichlinski





# ROGERS HOUSE



Staff: A.C. Carr  
P.J. Simmons

Prefects: D. Langer, Head Prefect  
B. McKinnon

J. Lo  
R. Chapman  
K. Lamb  
M. Phillips  
P. Butterfield

The first year of Rogers House began in a flurry of last minute preparation. The builders had only left the site the day before and we were furiously moving in furniture and hanging curtains in order to be ready for the invasion.

The house with all the comforts of a modern hotel was almost too good to be true and many grade elevens counted themselves very lucky indeed to be included with the chosen twelves. A first year always brings out the shortcomings of the building and we soon realised our need for kitchens and a changing area. These are due to be installed during the summer vacation and will be very welcome indeed.

The atmosphere in the new house is rather different from the old Senior House. Each room with its own bathroom seems to create a feeling of separation from each other and community feeling was harder to establish than ever before. Nevertheless Rogers House was a complete entity by the end of the year thanks to the efforts of the prefects and the senior students.

Ken Stockdale organised a table tennis tournament and there was keen competition in the first few rounds. Something happened to the enthusiasm and I don't believe a winner was ever declared. Not being a competitive house for sports we were forced to have our intramural sports between upstairs and downstairs. The spoils were evenly divided although the arguments still rage as to who was the superior sportsman.

Some of the milestones of our first year were quite simple in nature. One such occasion was the re-painting of the interior with a washable paint. The students were very relieved that they could then touch the walls without permanently marking them. Another was the arrival of the book shelves in May which I foolishly promised in October.

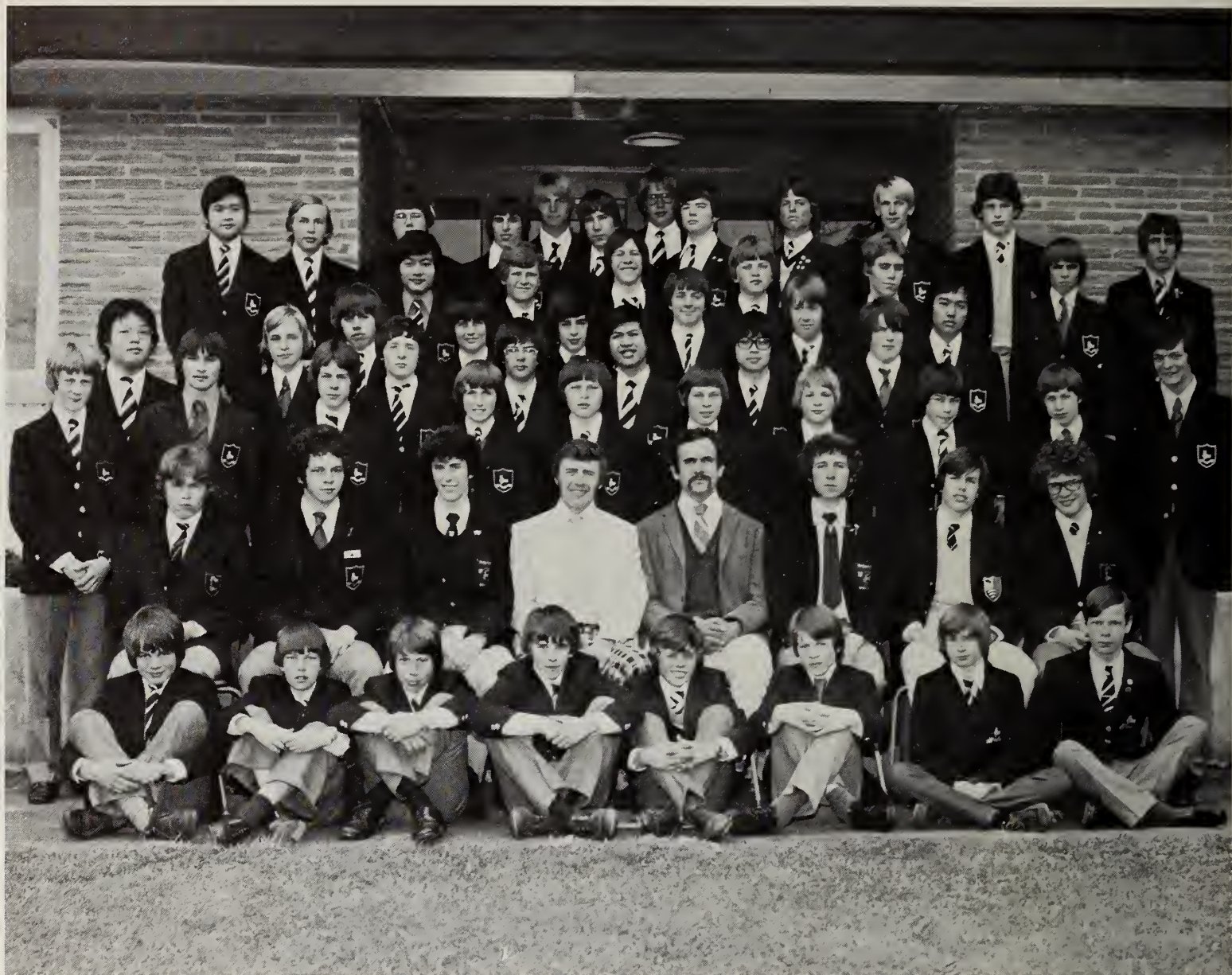
The house seemed full of characters who each gave his own contribution to the noise, laughter and general good feeling that was Rogers House in its first year. The house captain and the other prefects served the house very well and made the task of looking after the students a most pleasant one for Mr. Simmons and myself.







# ELLIS HOUSE



We were blessed this year with a group of boys who settled in very quickly in September and became involved in most of the House activities. What they lacked in size and muscle they certainly made up for in enthusiasm and determination. There was never any need to 'generate' House spirit and the cross-country groups began running in the evenings two months before the competition. Our sporting 'conquests' included the badminton and tennis championships, but we were always in contention in the soccer, field hockey and rugby. The girls came up with the field hockey trophy and almost pulled off the volleyball. We had a fine group of girls who wore the green jersey with distinction.

A room was made available this year for the 'Hobby-

Hounds', who built everything from model planes, to ships, to dragsters and even managed to dismantle and put together several bicycles and an outboard engine that was dunked in the ocean. Many of the model airplanes were rebuilt and rebuilt after tremendous test flights.

The common room was always a busy rendezvous in the winter evenings and the addition of a shuffleboard, shooting gallery and dart board offered sufficient enjoyment to encourage one to ignore the noxious odours of burnt popcorn and pizza which were forever leaking out under the kitchen door. The two 'Howies' clashed in the table-tennis final and it can only be said that Howie Lyons gave his more experienced partner a hard run for it.





One of the pleasing aspects of House life this year has been the obvious respect paid to the School property. Apart from the usual wear and tear, 'popping' light bulbs and an occasional window shattering the maintenance required in the building has been minimal. This a tremendous complement to fifty-six teenage boys.

There are always memorable moments in any year and this one had its share of humorous and sometimes tragic moments. It is always sad when you have cleared the area on a runaway bid only to be hauled down by a pursuing Housemaster unfairly equipped with a motor car. It must have been agonizing for 'Rainbow' when he was recaptured (for the third time in a week) at the 'Junque' store while trotting briskly for the next hill over the which he expected to see the bright lights of Duncan. It must have amused 'Alert Bert' to arrest two Ellis nighthawks on 'A' Field at 3:30 a.m., only to discover that he had rescued them from a greater peril in the form of a gang of youths who had chased them home from the Shell Station. A prefect, prominent in drama circles, would have won an Oscar for his excellent portrayal of a boy waking from a deep sleep at 3 a.m., but his native wit deserted him when he had to explain a pair of very wet shoes oozing water on to the carpet by his bedside. Chadders scientific analysis of a hemp bush under the common room window and McBride's ability to retrieve contact lenses from the U-bend give some idea of the versatility rampant in this small group of boys. Can you imagine Waddington acting out 'Aquaman in prep but slipping on his scuba helmet and then having to explain away his extraordinary behaviour.

The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the House outing to Long Beach. The weather was hot and sunny for the two days and we were able to camp on the beach in perfect conditions. Many were introduced to cricket and found Mr. Common's 'googly' just too much to cope with on the 'loose' wicket. The grade ten geography students were able to examine the ocean landscape and the Chinese boys were often to be found gazing out across the vast Pacific to their homeland. Don McBride climbed the highest tree, Gary Horth accomplished the deepest dive, and Peter Holmes struck the loftiest pop-up fly. It was a most restful and enjoyable weekend for everyone. Many thanks to Ken McAlpine for making the long drive there and back.

The prefects, and who could manage without them, were always in trouble, yet enjoyed a close relationship with their charges and many a violent game of deck hockey or soccer helped to dissipate the frictions that built up. To them, to Mr. Common, Mr. Martin and Mr. Prowse, my thanks for a most memorable year and I share with all of you my hopes for an even better one next year.





# PRIVETT HOUSE



Having successfully carried off the inter-house cup in '73-'74, only to find that our shattering victory had caused the abandonment of the struggle for this trophy once and for all, we were rather hard put to find something to challenge our abilities this year. Eventually we decided to start with a face lift.

Under the careful direction of Mr. A. Nicoll, Privett's new assistant housemaster, the common room was transformed from its original decor, contemporary plywood, to a rich combination of stippled plaster and dark beams. A brick fireplace appeared, then chairs, tables, a carpet, and finally, a pool table. Although some of the material and furniture was paid for by ourselves, a great

deal, including the pool table, came from Mrs. Peggy Green, who has been a real benefactress to us this year.

By the time this task was done, the first term was well on its way and the sports trophies were once again rolling in. (Looking down the final tally for the year I see five firsts, five seconds and a solitary third!) We had also got to know some of the new members of the house, especially Marius Felix who used his 6'8" to great advantage in nailing up ceiling beams, and Paul Tessier who used his 4'8" to great advantage working inside the brick fireplace. The house library under Chun Kit Yeung had acquired a reference section and a selection of Chinese fiction, while the house kitchen, under Doug Hagar, had acquired that



rather used look that one expects as the thousandth pizza emerges in a blue haze from a weary oven.

Our two indistinguishables, Johnny and James Yiu had achieved a certain notoriety by this time, Johnny having become the undisputed pool champion of the house by playing the game six afternoons a week, while James staggered through double sports and double activities to cover for him.

We never were able to find out what Johnny had on James.....

Under the leadership of Andrew Cartwright the prefects had been welded into an efficient group of eager administrators. Ted Noguchi had become so enamoured of the system of house fines that it is rumoured that in a complete frenzy of efficiency one Sunday night he fined himself \$1.25 to establish an all time record of giving 100 fines in a one week period.

Then suddenly it was Christmas and a whole term was over. The New Year brought ski weekends, crutches, and some very convivial weekends for the few who stayed in school while others dared the slopes. The local ski-rink opened and Privett House put up a curling team that swept all before it. It was in fact so good that it went on to represent Mill Bay in a local bonspiel. The Beaver still swears that he had nothing to do with the incidents leading to the retirement of an opposing team who became too inebriated to keep their footing on the ice.

Now at the end of the summer term as I sit writing these notes, the memories are still vivid:

It's 10:05 p.m. and we're wondering what "Punctuality Proctor's" story will be tonight.

It's 11:30 p.m. and Sherman has just woken everyone tiptoeing to the bathroom.

It's midnight and Andrew has just beaten me at pool — again!

It's 1 a.m. and Chris must be cooling pizza because the smell is keeping me awake with hunger pains.

It's 5:30 a.m. and Jim Graham is off rowing — he sings on his way to the boathouse.

It's 11 a.m. and Gavin is on his way to the house for a "study" period and coffee.

Familiar phrases still come to mind:

Duncan: "But sir, it's not fair!"

Verne: "I don't know why they call me tanglefoot."

Andrew: "But sir, you didn't warn us you were going to inspect!"

Graham Ramage: "Ten o'clock sir? Are you sure? My watch says...."

Tony and Bruce: "Well it looks tidy to us sir."

The Beaver: "Don Young Sir? Usual place I should imagine."

The Beaver: I AM NOT SHOUTING!"

Moses: "But we were just checking each other's vocab sir.....Sir?"

Gavin: "I really can study just as well lying down."

Brad: "But we only threw him out of the window for a joke Sir,"

Jim: "Shoes? Hey, I must have forgotten. I know I meant to....."

In closing I would like to thank Andrew Cartwright, Chris Wensley, Peter Everett, Jim Graham, Ted Noguchi and Don Young for doing an excellent job as prefects, and Mr. Nicoll for his support and work for the house. It really has been a most satisfying year.

R.V.L.





# WHITTALL HOUSE



As I write this I am sitting in what seems to have become the social meeting place in the house; the corner of the L in the upstairs hall. Dorm 21's tea tastes better than it did at the start of the year and those around me seem, in retrospect, twice the size and three times as boisterous. But then, it is only two days to the end of the term and spirits are high. Oarsmen are preparing in their usual soft-footed and gentle way, for England and Henley Regatta. Trunks and suitcases litter the dorms amidst frantic last minute study for exams. Posters and other decorative material lie scattered everywhere. Holidays loom attractively close

with the promise of long sunny days, travel and, for the housemaster at least, some peace.

The year seems to have passed incredibly fast. For the first time there was a majority of new boys to old in September which provided its problems. The whole business of learning new routines and procedures took longer and the establishing of house pride and identity were slower coming. Respect for property and persons has taken time to establish too but now, at the end of the year, it appears to be there in the main.

With the de-emphasising of the inter house competition



as an overall affair, individual sports have tended to be treated as seriously as the particular captain concerned has deemed fit. Nevertheless, we have won our fair share and in particular made conclusive victories in cross-country and track. Loyalty and support in all sports has been good although our girls have perhaps been rather lukewarm.

10 p.m. has become the traditional time for horseplay. On many evenings, the casual visitor might find a prefect or even the housemaster, totally submerged by grommets, having abandoned all attempt at dignity. Pillows fly, Craig bellows (or should that have been Murray) and grommets scatter all ways. 10-15p.m. the buzzer sounds, silencing everyone and drowning all other sounds. Dorm doors close for the night — the odd chatterer can still be heard. Ron starts to croon in the bathtub — or was it his stomach growling? Most of the time a happy enough mixture of

persons and personalities;

"Sirrr — Meeestairr Quinn" ..... Luiz often  
 "TEA!" ..... Ron, more often  
 "TEA!" ..... housemaster  
 "Who is W.T.R.?" ..... Jamie  
 "Back in your box, rabble" ... Mr. Burrows to Dorm 1.

Our prefects have had a full load on their shoulders this year and my sincere thanks go to Murray, Brian and David for their organisation and to Geoff, Ron, Malcolm, Craig and Gary for keeping the ship afloat. Thanks from all of us too, to Mr. Brackenbury, Mr. Cullin, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Burrows for their help and support in many areas.

The telephone rings — the caller will hear — "This is Whittall House, the best house".

J.L.Q.









# SPORTS





# RUGBY



## 1st XV RUGBY

Being a Rugby coach at Brentwood College is very good for the soul; The gods soon punish the slightest sign of HUBRIS, and restore the proper sense of humility. So it was with Mr. Prowse and me this rugby season.

In 1973-4 we had little hopes of a good season. By the Spring, however, we had won the Independent Schools Cup and completed a most successful tour of the U.K. No wonder the coaches could pat themselves on the back, and look forward to an equally happy season in 1974-5. We had three backs and two forwards returning from the championship team, and, several good players from the 2nd

XV and u 17's. And yet the season, in terms of results, was not a successful one. What then went wrong?

Firstly we were unable to find adequate replacements in key areas. Although there was a lot of pace in the backs provided by the "Mexican Connection" (David Spencer and Geoff Reed) we were lacking in good half-backs, whilst only Derek Sharpe (this year's captain) was able to provide in the centre the kind of tackling necessary to win games. In the forwards, we were unable to find adequate replacements for last year's two outstanding props, and for back rows of the calibre of Chris Northrup and Keith Hutton.

Secondly, matters were complicated by many injuries particularly those of David Holme and Bruce McKinnon in





the pack. We lost these two players for a large part of the season. Thus, in the early part of the season, before injuries struck the pack, we gained a good supply of the ball in our matches, but poor tackling and the lack of a kicking stand-off outside the scrum cost us too many points. Later in the season when we had sorted out the problems in the backs by bringing up Brad Pettinger from the Colts to play stand-off, and David Spencer had proved his ability in the centre alongside Derek Sharpe, we suffered critical injuries amongst the forwards which adversely affected our supply of the ball.

So the season, after a brief period of success, was not a happy one. We won our first independent schools game decisively by defeating St. George's 22-10. This victory was possible because of great forward play, sound tackling and good tactical kicking. We then, however, lost the next three independent schools games largely because of our failure to win sufficient supply of the ball to constitute a threat to the opposition. We played poorly against S.M.U. and deserved to lose 6-26. Our first game against Shawnigan was equally disastrous and we lost 4-21.

At this stage of the season we might well have collapsed completely. David Holme, our strongest prop and Bruce McKinnon, our pack leader were injured and not to return. We had just been thrashed in two games, and spirits were very low. In true Churchillian tradition however, there appeared "The man of the hour". Mark Phillips, in his first year of rugby, had learned the game remarkably quickly and now assumed the leadership of the pack in McKinnon's absence. His determination and enthusiasm inspired the other forwards, and with Derek Sharpe, as always, leading the backs with courageous tackling a new spirit infected the team. We lost narrowly the return games with St. George's (3-7) and Shawnigan (10-16). We played as well as we had anytime during the year, giving our all, but losing to better teams.

As usual our thanks are due to Mr. Finnegan and the grounds staff for the pitches, Mrs. Hallet and the kitchen

staff for our refreshments, our matrons for tending our wounds,, Mr. McAlpine for transporting us, Mr. Pitt for immaculate equipment, the referees for their impeccable handling of our matches, and Mr. Carr whose weight programme does so much for the physique of our players. All these and many others contributed to what was, apart from the results, a most successful season. Mr. Prowse and I found the team always most co-operative. Perhaps the coaches deserved this season, for like the wedding guest, each of us, at the end of the season;

"A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn."  
and there's always next year.....

I.R. Ford

#### 1st. XV RESULTS

PERIPATETIC STOICS XV	Lost 20-52
COWICHAN R.F.C. 2nd. XV	Lost 19-40
U. VIC FROSH	Won 25-14
COWICHAN S.S.S.	Won 27-0
DAVID THOMPSON 2nd. XV	Won 42-0
WINDERMERE	Lost 11-15
WILLIAM'S LAKE	Won 19-0
NEW WESTMINSTER	Lost 4-30
100 MILE HOUSE	Won 8-7
DAVID THOMPSON	Lost 6-13
INTERNATIONALS	Lost 48-62
ST. GEORGE'S	Won 22-10
S.M.U.	Lost 6-26
NANAIMO S.S.S.	Won 21-6
OLD BOYS	Lost
S.L.S.	Lost 4-21
ST. GEORGE'S	Lost 3-7
S.L.S.	Lost 10-16
COWICHAN R.F.C. under 19	Won 20-10













### 2nd XV Results

As usually happens when the 1st XV have lack of success, the 2nd XV have an equally unhappy season. With injuries and lack of form hitting the 1st XV, players had to be promoted from the 2nd XV and so they never had a chance to settle down as a team.

The results speak for themselves. When we got ball — against S.M.U. and Parklands — we could score. Many of the backs were most deceptive runners. Robert Mellish, Phillip Butterfield, Scott Mathieson were all capable of ripping a game open. Unfortunately, however, their tackling was not of the same standard, and when the opposition had the ball we were in real trouble. If only all the backs could have tackled like Lance Appleby, and Shawn Flynn, who although lacking in pace, made up for it in determination. These backs, behind a good pack would have had a field day, but we just did not have the control up front.

Our pack did not have the physique to win good ball. Michael Camp, and Tom Benz often played prop, and

although both tried valiantly, they always looked what they were — converted back row forwards.

And so it was with the rest of the pack; they did not have the 'inches and pounds' although they did show great desire, and suffered their defeats uncomplainingly. I should like to thank all the team (and particularly captain Peter Booth) for their constant enthusiasm and good spirits in what must have been for them a most disappointing season.

Cowichan R.F.C. 3rd XV  
 St. George's  
 Parklands  
 S.M.U.  
 Carson Graham S.S.S. 1st XV  
 Old Boys 2nd XV  
 S.L.S.  
 St. George's  
 S.L.S.

I.R. Ford  
 Lost 4-52  
 Lost 7-9  
 Won 48-0  
 Won 11-3  
 Lost 4-6  
 Lost  
 Lost 0-18  
 Lost 8-11  
 Lost 4-13





### 3rd XV RUGBY REPORT

<u>Record</u>	<u>Played</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Lost</u>	<u>Goals For</u>	<u>Goals Against</u>
	14	11	3	211	78

#### VANCOUVER ISLAND UNDER-17 CHAMPIONS

Continuing the policy of last year the 3rd XV was a group of under-17 rugby players. A number of last years Colts moved into the group to be complemented by a number of new athletes.

The forwards were large, powerful and soon established themselves as a cohesive group. The backs went through a goodly number of permutations before the best combination showed itself. The backs, in general, played with courage and determination but truly lacked the experience and size to fully complement the pack.

In the independent schools competition the team overcame S.M.U. easily 46-0, won a pair of close, hard games with St. George's, and lost twice to Shawnigan against a more consistent and experienced team.

The team style of play was based on forward control then attacking from the outside with large wings and

outside center. This proved quite effective although lack of real speed and experience in the backs left the forwards the chief point scorers.

At under-17 league the 3rd XV opened with a moderate 12-0 win over Quamichan, then beat Mt. Prevost 'A' 58-0. This win secured the league title and earned the team the right to face Royal Oak in the Island final. This proved to be an easy victory against a spirited, courageous but inexperienced side. The 3rd XV's best game from the point of view of discipline and spirit came when they held Belmont-Fisher's first XV to a 4-4 tie until the last ten minutes of a game which ended 14-4. Against a harder, older group of athletes the team stood its ground admirably.

An eminently successful season, ensuring next year's first XV some size and height in the forwards as well as some useful backs. I am sure that they will continue to enjoy rugby next year and will continue to represent Brentwood College creditably.

W.J. Burrows



#### THE FOURTH FIFTEEN

'The Flying Fourths' sought this year to uphold a tradition of tough aggressive football and to stretch a two year unbeaten streak to three. The former objective was certainly attained but alas the latter tumbled when a furtive centre broke away from a loose scrum in a close contest in Vancouver against St. Georges and we lost by 12 points to ten. In spite of this setback the Fourths can look back on a season that provided spectators and players with some fine open rugby and very convincing wins over St. Michael's 55-0, a double contest against Shawnigan which ended 50-6 in our favour, and a 16-0 victory over Glenlyon. Eleven games were played altogether and the record reads : Won 7 lost 3 tied 1. Points for 196 points against 67.

The real strength of this team lay in the forwards with great power and effort coming from Don McBride, Ted

Arnold, Craig Firth, Ron Burke, Willie Hughes, Ralph Backer and James Lo. We lost Eric Nash, a dashing wing forward, to the Thirds. Behind the scrum David Ogilvie produced a long but not always accurate service to a variety of out-halves including Norm Root, Jerry Klima, and Charlie Young. At no time in the entire season did the backs work well as a unit, though there were flashes of brilliance from each of the aforementioned. Norman Root was the most complete footballer with good anticipation, excellent punting, and the ability to dog kick or place kick penalties and extra points.

Thank you boys for a great team effort, a willingness to work and learn, a clean sportsmanlike attitude, and a mature acceptance of victory and defeat. Most of all I will remember the icy plunges into the ocean after September practices.

R.S. Wynne





### THE FIFTH FIFTEEN

'The Fighting Fifths' is a traditional training ground for those who come to us with no previous rugby experience and this year was no exception. These newcomers share the field with the 'old hands' who enjoy the rough and tumble but have failed to develop 'the finer points'. The mixture produced affords the spectator a chance to see rugby of a different kind. Ken Stockdale developed great spirit in his team and produced feats of immeasurable strength and endurance from Phillip Roy, Robbie McIvor, Dirk Sutton, Stephen Layton and many others. A front row of Ian Elder, Dirk Sutton and David Furber heaved into position by David Gross and Stephen Layton, kept straight by Craig Revill and Peter Benmore, and thrust forward by Michael Murkowski struck fear into many hearts. If the unfortunate ball survived the passage through these sixteen scuffling feet Phillip Roy was only too eager to hurl it into the waiting palms of Bob Chapman, Peter Everett, Ken Stockdale, Gerry Morissey, Ian Roberts

and Edward Chan. To recover the fatal fumble Robbie McIvor would hover protectively in the background jumping from tussock to tussock to avoid the puddles.

From the group emerged others who played occasionally for the Fourths and even the thirds. Neilly Aisenstat, handicapped by sore ankles, was a useful wing. Eric Maassen proved to be a powerful runner with the unhappy habit of running across the field. Stan Worsley was impressive enough at centre to move into a higher league. David Keevil and Chris Van Es learnt the game from scratch and will be better players next year.

As an exercise in enjoyment the fifths led the way and I have the greatest admiration for the way they organized themselves and displayed their talents on the field. I feel sure that had they even become fit enough to run up to 'B' Field without stopping they would have won more of their games. Thanks for the memories fellows.

R.S. Wynne



## THE COLTS A

COLTS RUGBY 1974/75

### Record

'A' Team: Played 12; Won 11; Tied 1

'B' Team: Played 6; Won 4; Lost 2

The colts enjoyed a most successful rugby season. The whole group of thirty-four were keen, worked hard and worked to learn about the game.

The strength of the team lay with a powerful but mobile pack of forwards backed up by a shrewd pair of half-backs. The scrummaging was particularly good, especially at the beginning of the season, giving the team a great boost in the first few minutes of the game seeing the opposition pack being forced back at great speed. It is difficult to mention a few forwards without naming them all — so I will name them all.

J. Yerxa and G. Langer, were excellent in the scrum with Yerxa being an inspiration to the rest of the team. J. Trescher hooked well being helped by a good push from the second row in the form of P. Walter and S. Past. G. Cook was a fine attacking No. 8, well backed up by K. MacCallister and P. Walker at wing forward. T. Allard (captain) and B. McDougall coaxed the team along at half-back, always finding the oppositions weakness, then exploiting it. The backs played some good attacking rugby at times, but their first form of attack was mainly great defensive work involving G. Briggs, G. Robinson, R. Bruce, B. McDiarmid and J. Lax.

The Colts played some good teams outside the independent schools, particularly Lake Cowichan, but the most memorable matches were against St. Georges and Shawnigan. The first match against each school the team played very well beating St. Georges 23-10 and Shawnigan 25-8. By the time the return matches came around, both away, the team was trying to keep an unbeaten record which, inevitably, inhibited their style of play. The game against St. Georges was hard and finally won by 14 points to 11 points. The return game against Shawnigan was the last game of the season and a nerve-racking experience it was. Brentwood went into an early 6 point lead then spent the next 50 minutes holding on to it — it seemed an awfully long second half.

The Colts 'B' team also enjoyed some success winning 4 matches and losing 2. A few boys were always pressing for a place in the 'A' team, notably S. Zien, G. Capozzi, W. Rabey, H. Spragins, and T. Pritchard. The Team played some good rugby enjoying an 65-0 victory over Shawnigan's sixth team. L. Olaiz opened the scoring in that game without really knowing what he had done.

All in all, it was an excellent team and I would like to take this opportunity to wish all the members of the Colts all the best in their future rugby careers.

P.J. Simmons



# THE COLTS B







### THE JUNIOR COLTS

Judging by the season's record of no wins and five losses, one might hazard a guess to say it was an unsuccessful one. I would disagree. The team carried itself well on the pitch, played some good rugby and was unlucky not to record some surprising results.

At the start of the season it was obvious that any strength the team had was in the scrum. The backs were small, inexperienced and lacking in real speed. As the season progressed the forwards became a formidable unit in the tight and won a great amount of possession in all their games. The backs improved considerably but their inexperience did not enable them to take advantage of this possession. It is to the whole team's credit that they never became downhearted and always gave every effort in both practices and matches.

In the games played, we recorded two losses to St. Georges and St. Michaels early on, which showed up our weaknesses outside the scrum. A narrow defeat to Shawnigan at home could so easily have been reversed at critical moments in the game when we had many opportunities to score. The most exciting match was the return against St. Georges in Vancouver when the team lost 6-4. The only difference being a converted try to an unconverted try. In this game the team put on their best display. The forwards were dominating the game and our opponents only managed to enter our half of the field once

in the first half — and from that they scored! The Junior Colts fought desperately to equalize and were stopped three times with only a yard to go. Finally a deserved try was scored but alas the convert skimmed the post on the wrong side. In our last game at Shawnigan we played well but our opponents played even better and deserved a 10 - 0 win.

Ian Wallace was an inspiring captain who led the pack by example. The front-row of Martin, Langer and MacAlister was by far the strongest asset of the team. The other forwards, Sturrock, Dixon, Menefee, and Holmes were honest, hard-working team-mates who showed great courage and devotion. In the backs Marsh was an enterprising scrum half who will be a great prospect for the future. The main power in the backs came from the hard-running of Crawford and the deceptive Annable. (Also two good promising talents for future years.) Turney, Horth, McCart and Berkeley all gave their best in every game.

The members of the team were ably supported by the "B — Squad" who offered themselves repeatedly if not reluctantly as opponents to the A Team. I feel satisfied that the players made considerable personal progress throughout the season and will undoubtedly provide a solid base for next years Colts Team.

J.B. Garvey









## The Under 14's

One very positive thing happened this past season in the Under 14 side; they started disastrously and ended with honour. For a group that was virtually starting from scratch, this is surely the measure of success rather than the number of games won. They lost matches regularly and predictably at the beginning of the season, but began scoring points halfway through, and by November were actually squeezing in some narrow victories over opponents who had previously given them a drubbing.

Part of the strength grew among the forwards who practised Mr. Ford's basic drills assiduously, completed every grinding wind-sprint and cross-country run, and on the field of play became so accustomed to facing gigantic opposition that life seemed a bit hollow when the other team matched them in size. The climax of all out-sized matches was the unforgettable tussle against Cowichan Lake whose panzer-tank prop caught the opening kick-off and crashed through fourteen desperate would-be tacklers before being floored by Dillon at full back. That woke 'em up and they played like demons to save face and avoid a complete whipping. It is difficult to describe the surprise and delight which accompanied Peter Holmes's winning try in the muddy top corner of A2.

First time round they were thumped by St. George's, Glenlyon, and St. Michaels. It wasn't for lack of trying, but there just seemed to be holes everywhere no matter how hard they struggled to stem the attack. Given when they gained some scanty possession, the ball had its own diabolical instinct for finding its way to the ground —

always nearer our own try line. Part way through this rather stunning early phase, the Under 14's were given a transfusion of vigour and an inkling of expertise by Mr. Cameron and Derek Sharpe who coached the back line in the subtleties of moving the ball to where the opposition was not. With increasing confidence at the base of the scrum, Jock McDonald fired out a regular service to Andrew O'Brien-Bell, Blair Crawford and Rex Peters. These three backs actually stopped going backwards, and with good breaks by O'Brien-Bell and Crawford, Rex Peters ran in a fine try against St. Michael's. The embryo team was as fortunate in its pacey wings, Anthony Pitt and Brian Williams as it was in its full back, Brian Dillon of the "educated toe".

More and more clean ball came back to Jock as the forwards found their unity and learned cohesion from the good struggle against the excellent packs of St. Georges and Glenlyon. Gregg Pritchard, Ross Tocher, and Chico Newell became a hardened and gruesome front row. No team could ask for a more hard working powerhouse than Jim Proctor and Captain Mike Holmes in the second row. The loose forwards, Martin Philp, Stephen Forsyth and Peter Holmes churned up more turf and sliced up more opposition attacks than can ever be recorded.

If the team itself reached a peak of cohesion in the handful of victories at the season's end, it reached a pinnacle of exuberance in the rollicking, barefoot match against the Alex-Hilton Ladies XV who tried to teach us that all's fair in love and war, and Rugby is both.

R. Common













ROWING





The photograph above tells the story of the most successful year the club has ever had. The squad numbered some sixty active oarsmen and oarswomen and we achieved some measure of competition success in every category. The lightweight squad under the guidance of Mr. J.L. Queen overcame their arch rivals, Lakeside School of Seattle, and were unbeaten in west coast competition. The colt squad under the guidance of Mr. Mike Cullin achieved similar success and only lost to senior school crews.

The ladies were very successful in small boat competition and have shown great improvement in the bigger boats and I expect that we will see many more wins next year. The heavyweight boys squad had a most successful year in almost every type of boat. Indeed, only the double scull trophy eluded us at Burnaby and Seattle Regatts and we were most pleased to win so many of the single sculling events in the lightweight division.

### FIRST EIGHT AND VARSITY SQUAD

This year proved beyond all doubt that it is possible to train young men under eighteen years of age to achieve speed, strength and endurance levels only before achieved by first class men's crews. In almost every boat class we entered we posted times that were much faster than any previously recorded and in many cases the crews were not pushed to their limit.

The training began from September and a large and willing turn out seemed to be a good omen indeed. As the year wore on it was apparent that at least on land this would be a very effective group indeed. There was little time devoted to water training but the winter crews were quite effective and a hastily selected senior eight defeated UBC lightweight and freshmen crews in Coal Harbour on November 25th.

In the Spring Term we went to Seattle to row against the University of Washington freshman squad and had a good race for 1500 metres, holding their first crew to one half length. In the last five we encountered the most appalling swells and only just avoided surfing into a cement wall. We were happy to try a calm Elk Lake two weeks

later, but again success eluded us. The first hint of our future steering troubles appeared on this day and we crashed with shells and oars in what must be the most erratic course in the history of boat racing.

The Summer Term's race schedule was very full with additional races in Elk Lake and BC Trials in Burnaby. The first eight during the high school regattas won all their races but their closest opponents, Shawnigan Lake, moved closer to them all the time. Their races were usually rowed into mild head winds but nevertheless their times were quite slow and it was not until Shawnigan Regatta that our time of 4.45 for 1500 m. could be honestly evaluated in these calm conditions and thought to be too slow. A complete change of crew was attempted for the Canadian Schoolboy Championships in St. Catherines, Ontario, one week later and it was obvious from the outset that this new combination was significantly faster. Their time of 4.22 with a current only earned them fourth place but with several weeks remaining before going on tour our hopes of improving were quite high.





Left to right: John Yerxa, Brad pettinger, Martin Lacey, Willy Hughes, Jim Graham, Dale Bannerman (foreground), Murray Reynolds, Allan Wood, Dave Holme, Chris Wensley, Mark Phillips (Captain), A.C. Carr (Coach).

The coxed four of Martin Lacey, Allan Wood, Willy Hughes, Jim Graham, stroke and Dale Bannerman, cox, had a series of very close races with Lakeside School in a field of four boats. The Lakeside four were always pressing and we knew that if every one mistake was made or if our crew was even slightly off form they would be through us.

It happened finally at Shawnigan Regatta and a very fine Lakeside crew took home the trophy. The varsity pair of John Yerxa and Brad Pettinger, both from the colt crew,

never experienced any difficulty with their opposition and their closest rivals were another Brentwood pair who were renowned for their erratic steering. The varsity single sculler, Grant McPhee, began the season rather slowly but once into the school season he showed his true form and won both the BC High Schools and the Seattle Championship Regattas. He had some close races with Pat Walter who finally won the BC Youth Championships.







Left to right: Bruce MacDougall, Brad Pettinger, Tony Allard, Gavin Robinson, Ken McCallister, Sandy Berkeley, Sam Zein, Gordon Langer, John Yerxa, James MacAlister, Pat Walker, Mr. M. Cullin Coach.

### COLT CREWS

This squad had an extremely successful season and were unbeaten in every category of boat racing in the under sixteen division. The coxed fours, pair and single were only surpassed by a very fine eight which on some occasions went out in the varsity eight division and once beat the Shawnigan first crew. This same eight often proved to be the closest competition for the schools first eight and training sessions could often be as intense as races.

Unfortunately for the colts the stern pair were promoted to the first crew at the end of the school season and they had to race the past school season without them. This squad would never have done what it did without the very able coaching of Mr. M. Cullin who was tireless in his efforts to produce perfection.



### LIGHTWEIGHT EIGHT

A very young and frighteningly slight group met me at the first meeting of the year. This was to be the lightweight squad — average weight 129 lbs! What they lacked in size they certainly made up for in spirit and throughout the year they have proved a coach's dream. However hard they were worked they always bounced right back for more and with a concentrated weight programme and constant encouragement to eat we had the average weight up to 140 lbs by the end of the season.

It was a strong and very fit crew that started the regatta season in the summer term. Still far lighter than any of

their opponents they nevertheless finished the season unbeaten by a lightweight eight and on occasions raced in J.V. events finishing second only to our own J.V. crew. Much of the credit for this most successful season must go to Andrew Cartwright who, as stroke and a senior student, has provided a great deal of motivation to what was predominantly a novice crew. This and the tremendous esprit de corps have spelled success. Well done the "flyweights"!





Left to right: Geoff Briggs, Peter Annable, Lyle Crawford, Frank Waddell, John Menefee, Gardie Warne (foreground), Greg Capozzi, Bruce McDiarmid, Don Holme,

Andrew Cartwright, Mr. J.L. Queen, Coach (absent Philip Walker).



Left to right: Gerald Yerxa, Jeff Hall, Marius Felix, Tod Hall, Steven Forsyth (foreground), Murray Adams, Rod Thomson (stroke), Scott Mathieson, Richard Robertson.



A group of rather large and strong young men were moulded into what was called the great "Jay Vee". Their lack of experience was nullified by superior strength and a healthy aggressive attitude to racing. This attitude rarely spilled over into training but they had a good season winning three and losing only their first race at home. Their four had no success whatsoever but they could rightly say that they were given no opportunity to train in that boat.



## NOVICE EIGHT

This year's novice eight had to struggle very hard to achieve success in competition. The crew members were quite young, most coming from Grade Eight and Nine but a large, mature James Lo brought up the average age and weight of the crew. Their only successes were at home and in Shawnigan but their spirit and enthusiasm was constant during the racing season. A great deal of credit must go to their coach and coswain, Phillip Roy, who was tireless in his efforts with the group.



## GIRLS' ROWING

The rowing program began in January with 18 girls participating despite cold and damp weather conditions. Five of these girls were experienced having rowed the previous year, while the remainder were beginners at the sport. Their remarkable enthusiasm continued throughout the term, as they all prepared for the Elk Lake Regatta in March. At this event strong performances were given by all the girls in the singles, fours, and eights events. Barbara Sutherland's victory in the single sculls is particularly noteworthy, for she had only practiced a very short time for it.

In the Spring Term, the rowing season fully underway, the girls were faced with the prospect of several competitions. Our first, a dual meet with Lakeside School in Seattle, was a memorable occasion, although neither of the shoals produced any astounding results. The second event, the Shawnigan Lake Regatta, gave the crew much more valuable racing experience. Our third and final competition of the year was the North-West Regional Women's Championship Regatta, a two-day event held on Lake Washington the last weekend in May. Thirteen girls participated in this regatta as follows:







Junior Single Sculls — Barb Sutherland — 1st (disqualified)  
 Junior Double Sculls — Barb Sutherland)  
 — Valerie Knowles) 1st place  
 High School Four — Eileen Miller (stroke)  
 — Judy Thomson (3)  
 — Ann Scrimger (2) 3rd Place  
 — Ruth Lloyd (bow)  
 — Arlene Sittler (coxswain)

High School 8 —

**3rd Place**

Dodi Galler — Stroke  
 Valerie Knowles — 7  
 Aileen McLeod — 6  
 Mary Jo Fetterly — 5  
 Barbara Sutherland — 4  
 Erika Horvath — 3  
 Catriona Cupples — 2  
 Sue Pearson — Bow  
 Arlene Sittler — coxswain



Our crew was up against some very strong and experienced competition from Washington, the Green Lake and Lakeside crews. Brentwood was the only BC crew participating.

I would like to congratulate all the girls who took part in this regatta as we showed ourselves to be strong contenders in the fours and eights and champions in the sculling events in the Pacific Northwest.

Much hard work, concentration and perseverance is necessary to be a good crew. I feel that the girls who were the Brentwood crew gave their best at all times.

S.G. Garvey

## BC OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS

On June 14th the first crew, colt crew and several scullers travelled to Burnaby Lake to compete in the Open Provincial Championships. The object of these were (a) to declare Provincial Champions, (b) to decide which crews would receive sponsorship to attend the National Championships in Montreal at the end of July, (c) to choose a team to represent BC at the Western Canada Games in Regina in August.

The results were overwhelmingly in our favour. Brentwood won the senior single sculls, youth single sculls, open quad sculls, junior coxed four, youth eight, youth coxed pair and youth straight pair. The outstanding performance of the day was our youth eight who posted the fastest time of the day and set something of a record for the course. Their time of 4.27 for 1500 m. and 5.59 for 2000 m. was second only to the Canadian eight of the year before who were the first to break six minutes on Burnaby Lake. Truly this was one of the great peaks achieved by our first eight and it may be some time before this is ever equalled or beaten by a school crew.





# TOUR OF ENGLAND

RESULTS	FIRST VIII	COLTS	LIGHT	TOUR
Eton College	Won — 2 1	Lost — 1 1	Lost — ½ 1	Lost — 2 1
Nottingham	Won Sen. B	Won Sen. C	—	—
	2nd Sen. A			
Reading	—	—	Lost 8	—
			Second in tour	
Henley	Lost in ¼ final	Lost in 1st round	Lost in 1st round	—
Emmanuel/St. Paul	Lost — 1 1/3 1	Won — ¼ 1	Won	Won — 4 1

The Rowing Tour was a great experience to all involved, students, staff and those brave parents who came along to support us. The above chart summarises the races we had but in no way tells of the exuberance of winning an International medal in Nottingham nor the intense disappointment in losing at Henley by collision with a wooden boom in the act of passing our opponents.

The tour set out to be a complete experience for the young oarsmen and indeed it was so in every way. We began in B.C., desperately trying to change our biological clocks by rising early in the mornings prior to departure and moving to London time as soon as we boarded the plane. Jet lag was to hit some of us quite severely but we did adjust in the four days that we had estimated.

We were met at Gatwick Airport by a most organised lady, Mrs. Milburn who had almost every minute of our time arranged for the next few weeks. Our boats and oars were miraculously taken off our hands and deposited in Henley the same day. We were driven in a "coach" to the hotels in Henley on Thames and given lunch as soon as we arrived. One had to be impressed as every little detail fell into place.

Each crew had its own training schedule but we did get together in the evenings or for trips in the afternoon, but the main emphasis for the first few days was rest and familiarisation with our new surroundings. Too soon it seemed we had our first race against the prestigious Eton College. We were given a tour of the school, its fifteenth century chapel, magnificent libraries and its boathouse with 700 single shells!! In the late afternoon our crews assembled on the Thames near Dohet and raced approximately 2100 m with the stream but we had to negotiate two bends on the way. This was a new experience to all our crews who up to this had only raced on straight courses, although perhaps for some coxswains it appeared straight!

The Eton crews were not exactly matched to ours except in the first eight and our colts took on their second VIII, our lightweights took on their colts and our composite tour eight took on their junior colt crew. All the races were close and were hard fought to the end but only our first crew was successful in overcoming their opposition, winning by approximately two lengths.

The next day the first and colt squad travelled to Nottingham to attend the international regatta held on the artificial Holme Pierrepont course which will host the world championships later this year. Racing began on Saturday morning with preliminary heats and continued through until Sunday night. This regatta was probably our second and last major peak of the season. The first crew won its heat from a varied field consisting of Lady Margaret Boat Club Cambridge, Eliot House, Harvard, U.S.A., Arab Contractors, Egypts, and Nottingham and Union of U.K. Ridley College and a West German crew had qualified in another heat and the stage was set for an exciting final. The final was held in rough water produced by a strong following wind and it was the composite West German crew who led throughout, Brentwood was a close second and Ridley was ¾ of a length behind us.

The colt crew raced in the Senior C division and defeated University College School first crew to win the first gold medals of the tour. They were a very happy bunch of young men who stood on the rostrum to receive their medals from the chairman of the Selincourt Group.

On Sunday we began rather well when our senior sculler Mr. Mike Cullin won the Elite II singles early in the day. The first eight raced in Senior A division and rowed their best race of the tour losing to Trinity College Dublin's first crew by less than a boat deck. Again Ridley College failed to equal our speed and at the halfway mark were 1½ lengths down. Later on in this race they lost a man overboard and rowed in last place. The split times for our crew were:

500 m	1.27
1000 m	3.01
1500 m	4.32
2000 m	6.04

and this is a most commendable effort indeed. They later raced in the Senior B division and demolished their closest opposition by 16 seconds to win their only gold medals of the season. The squad left Nottingham feeling confident that they were competitive crews for any races in Henley.

While the heavyweight and colt crews were in Nottingham, the Lightweights competed at Reading Regatta. The eight had to compete in the senior division as there was no lightweight category, and narrowly lost to a composite Reading crew. The under 15 four reached the final and then lost to Pangbourne School.

Henley week began in earnest with the arrival of all the international crews from Nottingham and other European centres. Races began on Thursday and both the colts and lightweights drew very stiff competition for their first round and unfortunately were eliminated. The colts lost to Lady Margaret B.C. of Cambridge and the lightweights to Kingston Rowing Club. The first crew defeated the American School of Paris easily and proceeded to the quarter finals. This author would rather forget the next race against St. Pauls Concorde of U.S.A., but some comment must be made of it. We had a poor start and after 500 m had ⅔ of a length to catch up. Catch up we did striking 39 to 40 strikes per minute but in the act of passing the crew we moved across the course and struck some wooden booms, breaking several oars and halting the forward progress of the shell for a few moments. That was enough for our opponents and we both passed over the line under the previous record time but we were second place and so eliminated. It was no consolation to us that some of their crew went to hospital in total exhaustion and we had to wait a day to congratulate them on their fine race.

After elimination at Henley, the lightweights spent a relaxing two days in Devon staying at Shebbear College near the north coast. We are most grateful to the headmaster, the Pollard housemaster and to all the staff and boys there for making this visit so pleasant. The excellent surfing at Widemouth, the Devon cream, Dartmouth Inn and excellent weather all combined to make these two days far too short.

Henley was over for us but we continued training for the



schools race against the London schools in our last week. We became tourists and enjoyed the spectacle that is Henley and we saw some magnificent rowing in the Grand Challenge Cup and Diamond Sculls.

On Sunday evening the tour party went to The Compleat Angler in Marlow for our formal rowing dinner. The guest speaker was His excellency the Honourable Paul Martin, Canadian High Commissioner in London. Our headmaster appeared for the evening and very ably made the introductions. The evening was a great success and I am sure it will be remembered by all for many years to come.

Our final week was spent in London. The crews were housed in hotels in Richmond and we boated from the

Emmanuel School boathouse in Barnes. Much travelling by Underground and touring followed and we made some attempt to row on the tideway each morning. The final regatta was a tri-school meet between St. Pauls, London, Emmanuel and Brentwood. Races in eights, fours and singles were arranged for all divisions and our squad were extremely successful, losing only our first eight to a very smooth Emmanuel crew who handled the rough water and the bends much better than we did.

It was on this note that we ended our racing season for summer 1975 and a weary but happy group arrived home in B.C. on the afternoon of July 12th.





# GIRL'S FIELD HOCKEY



A larger number of girls joined the field hockey group in the first term, and it was immediately evident that we had the basis of a promising 1st XI team. The final results are not spectacular at first glance, but some of the successes achieved were notable.

Undoubtedly the highlight of the season was reaching the semi-finals of the Vancouver Island High School Tournament. We narrowly missed becoming one of the three schools representing the Island in the B.C. Championships. We missed by losing 2-0 to Mt. Douglas, but with a player short through sickness. Mt. Doug went on to lose in the final of the provincial championship. We were pleased to find ourselves on a par with Queen Margaret's School, Duncan. We won both our games against them, 2-1 in Duncan and 1-0 on our own ground. Cowichan Senior High, our other local rival and 1973 B.C. champions, were still too powerful for us, but the margin of defeat narrowed. One game we lost 4-0 and another 2-0.

A major factor in our steady improvement was the attitude and spirit of the girls who represented the 1st XI, Susan Pearson, Andrea Jackson and Sylvia Fenwick-Wilson were outstanding individuals in the team, but without the

hard-working efforts of the other girls we would not have earned the respect of our opposition. Under the captaincy of Bridget Trousdell, the team produced its best performance against Norfolk House winning the match 1-0. Against teams that had more skilled players than ourselves we attempted to play a tight defensive game to prevent them from creating scoring chances, but to move quickly into attack when opportunities arose. The success of this game plan gave us a semi-final place in the Island championship, and our victory over Norfolk House.

Seven of the 1st XI were grade 11 girls, and we are therefore looking forward to a strong, more experienced team next September.

The girl's house tournament was won by ELLIS HOUSE. The standard of play in this tournament was far superior to the previous years, a reflection of the growing ability of the girls who may not make a 1st XI player.

1st XI players: Sylvia Fenwick-Wilson, Bridget Trousdell, Susan Hebb, Linda Cooper, Anne Stone, Debbie Stone, Andrea Jackson, Eileen Miller, Barbara Sutherland, Hilary Downey, Jane Stone, Susan Pearson, Heather Davie, Diane Montgomery, Lindsay Collins.







# BOY'S FIELD HOCKEY



Many new faces were seen in the field hockey group this summer. A larger number of Grade 8 and 9 boys chose to play, as well as several older students who quickly understood that it is not merely a "girls' game"! (Incidentally, it is one of the sports traditionally played in the Olympic Games, and will be included at Montreal next year).

Although the 2nd & 3rd XI records were disappointing, largely the result of inexperienced teams, the 1st. XI developed into a real force towards the end of the term. Only the goalkeeper, TED NOGUCHI, remained from last year's 1st XI defence. After two defeats early in the season the new defence rapidly learnt what was needed to contain the opposition. Of the ten goals scored against us seven came in the first four games and only three in the last six games. The two full backs, BRIAN BULLEN and STAN WORSLEY, proved very reliable in stopping and clearing the ball quickly. In front of them half backs JIM BALLANTYNE, TIM ROBINSON, BRUCE LO and GEOFF REED were a little less consistent, but by the latter part of the term were playing with assurance and linking up well with a forward line that on occasions played superbly. The quick reactions of DOUG WEARE, combined with the experience of DEREK SHARPE and BRUCE McKINNON (captain), always gave our forward

line penetration. BRAD PETTINGER showed the ability to shoot hard and accurately, but his inclusion in the team was not always possible because of his commitments to rowing. CAMERON SCOTT looked a good prospect on the right wing, but broke his collar bone in the first game against Shawnigan Lake School. DALE BANNERMAN, in Grade 9, was an exciting little player in the 1st XI despite his young age.

Anyone who watched the 1st XI beat Shawnigan Lake 4-1 in the last game of the season would agree that Brentwood have never played better field hockey in the six years the sport has been a part of our sports programme. Last year's team had a good record, but it never achieved the speed and ball control shown on that occasion.

Several of the 1st XI will be back next season and, I am sure, will be the basis of an outstanding team. We look forward to repeating our 1973 victory over St. George's!

The house tournament produced some good close contests and was eventually won by PRIVETT.

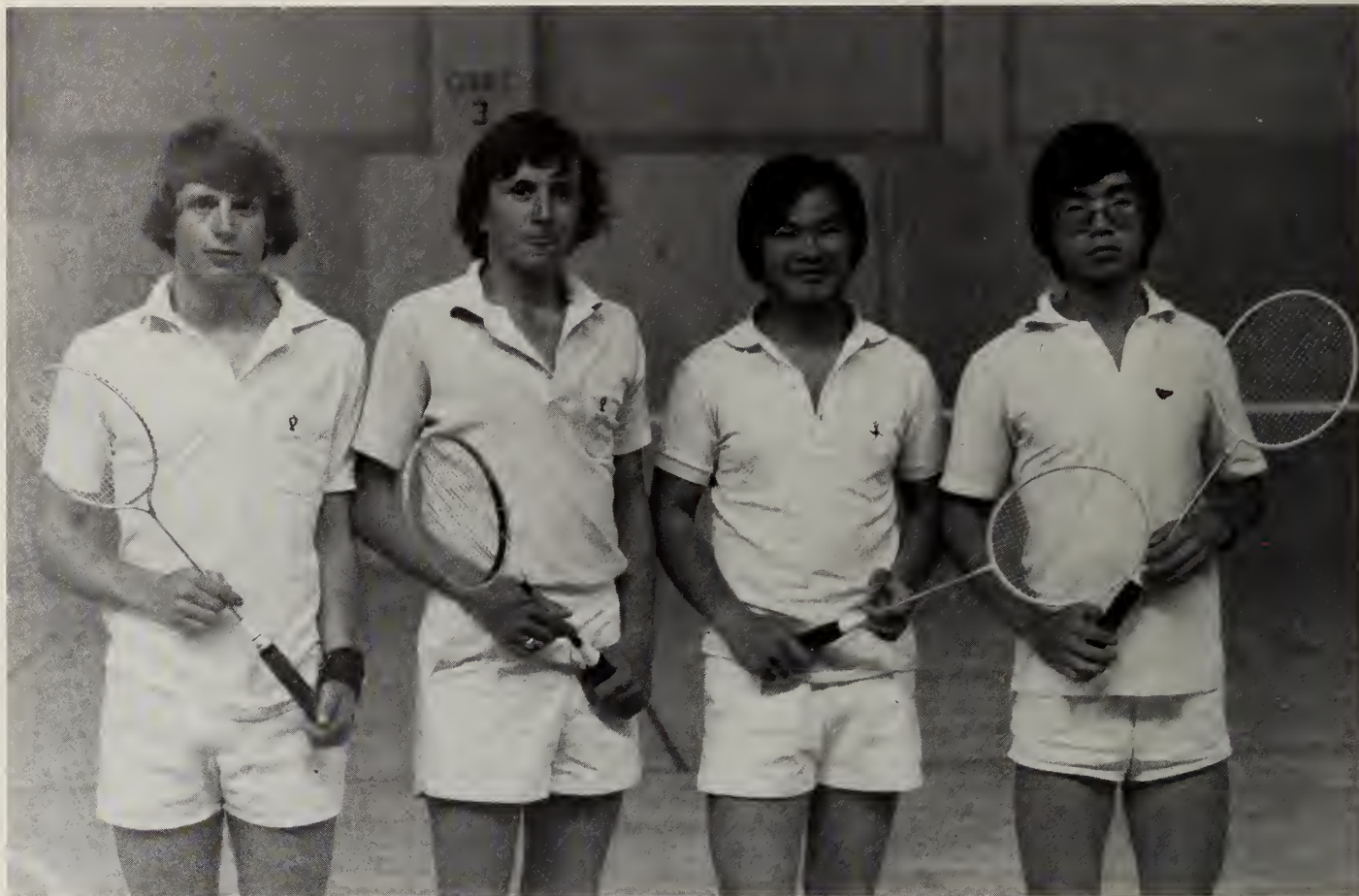
Good field hockey cannot be played unless the pitch itself has a smooth, flat surface. We owe a great debt to our groundsman, Mr. Owen Finnegan, who has tended the field so well and given us by far the best playing surface we have encountered this year.





	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Goals For	Goals Against
1st XI	10	5	2	3	18	10
2nd XI	7	0	6	1	4	19
3rd XI	1	0	1	0	2	5





Badminton Team: A. Clark, J. Hurmuses, A. Shi, B. Ling

## BADMINTON

For beginners with tears or old racqueteers the game provided its perpetual challenge to improve and excell. Played throughout the three terms by all grades, the pace of the play gave opportunity to expend super-abundant energy or find relief from frustration, and to enjoy, meanwhile, the camaraderie of the court.

Regrettably, no precious metal was won home, and no great honours are claimed. However, a visiting friendly

team was annihilated as a gesture of friendship, and we, in turn, were placed a distant third in the Independent Schools Competition.

Satisfaction lies in the number of beginners encouraged to overcome the difficulties of the initiation period — when a bird in the hand is worth two in the air, and the many tense and exciting moments of challenge matches within the School.

A.E.N.





## CYCLING

An elite group this year!! We had a good season for cycling, and were blessed with ideal cycling weather for most of the term. Our Tuesday and Thursday routes usually covered a distance of about 15 miles, whereas our Saturday routes were usually 25 miles long. Our cycling area included mainly the byways of Mill Bay, Cobble Hill, Shawnigan Lake, and Cowichan Bay areas, and we tried to avoid cycling on the highway. The highway situation however is now much better as there is a hard shoulder area on either side of the highway, which allows for much safer cycling, but highway cycling is not very relaxing! On Saturdays we went on longer rides, the favourite one being 'round the lake' — i.e. cycling around Shawnigan Lake. Two favourite spots this term were Bamberton Beach with a good hill to climb up, but an excellent hill to free wheel down!, and in the Duncan area, we enjoyed going to Bright Angel Park on the Koksilah River, which afforded a cooling swim after a hot cycle ride.

A rally was organised one Saturday, and toward the end of term, we went on a round trip to Salt Spring Island on a day's cycle ride. We cycled from school to Crofton, where we took the ferry to Vesuvius on Salt Spring, and from there we cycled to Ganges. In Ganges we left the bikes, so that we could be transported by the sturdy wheels of Miss Holden's Beetle, to the top of Mount Maxwell. There we had an excellent picnic lunch, with a most spectacular view over the Gulf Islands and Maple Bay and Cowichan Bay beneath us. Returning to Ganges we picked up the bikes and cycled along the Saanich Peninsula to Brentwood Bay where we took the ferry to Mill Bay and then cycled back to school. The journey took us approximately 53 miles, and was a most enjoyable and not too tiring cycling expedition and brought the term's cycling to a most pleasant end.

ALH





## GIRL'S SOCCER

What began in a most light-hearted fashion eventually proved to be a very worthwhile experience. Twenty girls elected to play soccer in the Easter team. Their enthusiasm carried them through the vigorous training and the snow. For the first five weeks of soccer they did not see the grass because it always had a blanket covering of snow. It eventually became difficult when the snow melted for suddenly they were faced with the prospect of the ball bouncing when it hit the ground!

Fixtures were hard to find and our first game was late in term against the University of Victoria "Vikettes". In the first half we played extremely well but later in the game we made some defensive mistakes and lost 4-0. However it was excellent experience for them all. In the following two weeks with three fixtures arranged a measles epidemic broke out at school. Everybody was kept in quarantine and so the three games were never played. In the summer term we did manage one game against St. Margarets in Victoria. This time we dominated the game and won 5-0.

Certainly the game has established itself and next year we will have players returning who will not be starting from square one. Sylvia Fenwick-Wilson, Nancy Liden, Janet Graham, the three Stones and many more will provide a good nucleus of promising girls. Of those grade 12's I know they enjoyed themselves and I must thank Beth Palaske for being captain and Sarah Roncarelli for being in charge of weather.

Team: J. Graham, D. Stone, A. Ainsworth, L. Cooper, B. Palaske, J. Stone, A. McIntosh, A. Stone, L. Gervais, D. Montgomery, S. Fenwick-Wilson, M. Fetterly, N. Liden, H. Davie, S. Roncarelli, L. Golding, W. Baxter, B. Sutherland, K. Gage, K. Marsh, N. Avren.

J.B. Garvey.  
P.J. Simmons.





## JUNIOR SOCCER

A very wide range of shapes and sizes turned out in this years junior soccer group. From very small grade eights to enormous grade tens, they all had one thing in common — they wanted to play soccer. They worked hard to try and master the skills, for much of the time in heavy snow.

The team played 4 matches, losing twice to St. Michaels and beating Shawnigan. The second match against St. Michaels was a fast exciting game with St. Michaels just winning 3-2 after Brentwood had led 2-0. G. Cook, J. Yeung

and R. Bruce were tireless workers coming up to attack then dropping back in defence, always working the ball. I. Sturrock was the chief goal scorer, well backed up by G. Robinson at centre forward. R. Joubert was the mainstay in the middle of the defence and turned out to be a good centre-half — for a rugby second row forward.

It was an enjoyable soccer term and I hope that the boys develop their interest in the game.

P.J. Simmons.





## BOY'S SOCCER

The soccer season was a most successful one. The senior boys group proved to be an enthusiastic and disciplined one. At the beginning of the season our prospects looked slight. We had considerable strength in the forward line with such experienced players as Sharpe, Reed, Spencer, Booth and McKinnon. However we had but one recognised defender; Ted Noguchi, the goalkeeper. It was therefore necessary to move some forwards back to the defence and to teach others how to play such positions. In a very short time these players came to acquire a good sound knowledge and ability of defensive play. Their record of six conceded goals in seven games speaks for itself.

We were hampered by having snow on the fields for the first month of our season. It is hard to learn ball skills in six inches of snow but the group showed admirable character in persevering with the task. We played our first game, almost as the season began, at St. Michaels. In a good wide open game in which we learnt much of our defensive weaknesses St. Michaels won 2-0.

A month later, with many of our problems sorted out and the defence much more stable, we beat them in the snow at Brentwood by a score of 3-0. In this game we really started to show our strength in midfield. Playing a variable 4-2-4 formation, our midfield pair of Spencer and Holland proved to be a formidable one. The attack was also taking shape with the speed and thrust of Sharpe and Reed to the fore.

The following week we beat the second XI 8-0, a Duncan XI 4-0 and the staff team 5-3. We learnt much from these games. At the back Ted Noguchi was in superb form and in front of him the defence, marshalled by McKinnon, set up a strong barrier.

The mark of a good team can be measured in its ability to put pressure on the opposition. In this respect our attack controlled the games. They constantly chased and harried the opposition's defence, not allowing them to settle down and forcing them into error. Many of our goals can be traced back to one of our forwards winning the ball from their defenders and immediately setting up an attack with the opposition out of position. To me this was our team's particular forte.

We had one final game before the Independent Schools Tournament, when we beat Brian Thorne's select XI 5-0. In the tournament, held at Brentwood, we drew Shawnigan in the semi-final. It was a good close match with both defences on top. Few chances were created and it was to be a game decided by mistakes. In an unfortunate misunderstanding between two Brentwood defenders, an "own" goal was scored from 25 yards out with no Shawnigan attacker in sight. A tragic and costly error it proved. For the rest of the game our attack produced a valiant effort to score the equalizer, but they could not break down a sound Shawnigan defence. Shawnigan thus won 1-0 and went on to tie with St. Georges in the final. Brentwood beat St.





Record:	Played	Won	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
	7	5	2	21	6

Michaels in the consolation final but it was not until extra-time that Derek Sharpe got the winning goal.

In reviewing the season I would like to stress how pleased I was with the progress of the team. Derek Sharpe was awarded his colours for the excellent service he has provided to the soccer club. He has been in the first team for four years and has been captain for two. He led by tremendous example. Ted Noguchi, by dedicated effort, learnt the techniques of goalkeeping very quickly and gained the respect and confidence of all around him. In attack Geoff Reed and Peter Booth proved strong attackers although they both have their own weaknesses to work on. In midfield, David Spencer and David Holland were full of creative ideas and their speed was always an impressive factor. The defence improved immensely over the short season. Bruce McKinnon, in the centre, was always a hard man to beat. Owen Williams showed his strength in the air and Charles Young played well at left back. Don Young at right back played superbly well for a boy in only his first year of soccer. I must also mention all the members of the 2nd XI who so willingly did all they could to help the 1st team. They all trained and played with dedication and commendable spirit.

I sincerely hope all the players will continue with this sport when they leave school. I feel sure they will all enjoy it for they have much to learn and contribute.

J.B. Garvey.







## TRACK AND FIELD

The Track and Field Club this year had twenty three regular members and, as usual, we filled out our representative teams from other sports as we required them. All our training was done on 'A' Field and our thanks are due to Mr. Finnegan and his ground staff for an excellent surface and also for all the field markings for the Inter-House Sports Competition.

Some fine individual performances were recorded during the short season and Geoff Reed received his School Colours. David Spencer, a great competitor over the years, received a tie.

Among the most consistent performers were: Bruce

Perkins, with a personal best in the 1500 metres of 4m. 27.9 and in the 800 metres of 2m. 128.; Pat Walker with 54.4 over 400 metres; David Spencer with 58.9 in the 400 Hurdles and of course Geoff Reed with 11.1 over 100 metres, 23.3 over 200 metres and 58.0 over the 400 metre hurdles. In the Field Events Todd Hall put the shot 38' 9½"; Gary Lare threw the discus 128' 5¼" and Jane Studer broke the Independent Girls' Shot Record with 34' 7½".

The Boys' Independent Schools Championships were held on Sunday June 1 at the University of British Columbia. The results were as follows:

### U-14

1st. St. Michaels	98 pts.
2nd. St. Georges	97 pts.
3rd. Glenlyon	53 pts.
4th. Brentwood	40 pts.

### Junior

1st. St. Michaels
2nd. St. Georges
3rd. Brentwood
4th. Glenlyon

133 pts.
112½ pts.
41½ pts.
37 pts.

### Senior

1st. Shawnigan
2nd. St. Michaels
3rd. St. Georges
4th. Brentwood

156 pts.
85 pts.
75 pts.
71 pts.





The Girls' Independent Schools' Championships were held at Centennial Stadium on May 31. Our team of eleven girls did very well indeed and finished second in the Senior Event.

1st. Crofton House	51 points
2nd. Brentwood	50 points
3rd. Norfolk House	48 points
4th. Queen Margaret's	30 points
5th. Strathcona Lodge	21 points
6th. St. Margaret's	18 points

The Inter-House Competition was held on a cool blustery afternoon May 23. The individual winners were:-

#### Senior 'A' Boys

100 metres	Reed
200 metres	Reed
400 metres	Perkins
800 metres	Perkins
1500 metres	Perkins
3000 metres	Lacey
110 metre Hurdles	Spencer
400 metre hurdles	Spencer
Shot	Hall
Discus	Lare
Javelin	Flynn
Hammer	Felix
Long Jump	Reed
High Jump	Sharpe
Triple Jump	Spencer

#### Senior Girls

80 m. hurdles	Gervais
100 metres	Lloyd
200 metres	Lloyd
400 metres	Stone J.
800 metres	Montgomery
1500 metres	Lloyd
Javelin	McAdam
Shot	Studer
Long Jump	Horvath
High Jump	Cavey

#### The 'A' Competition

1st. Place Whittall	154½ pts.
2nd. Place Privett	122 pts.
3rd. Place Ellis	72½ pts.

#### The 'B' Competition

1st. Place Privett	115½ pts.
2nd Place Ellis	112 pts.
3rd. Place Whittall	110½ pts.

#### The Grommet Competition

1st. Place Whittall	88 pts.
2nd. Place Privett	70 pts.
3rd. Place Ellis	68½ pts.

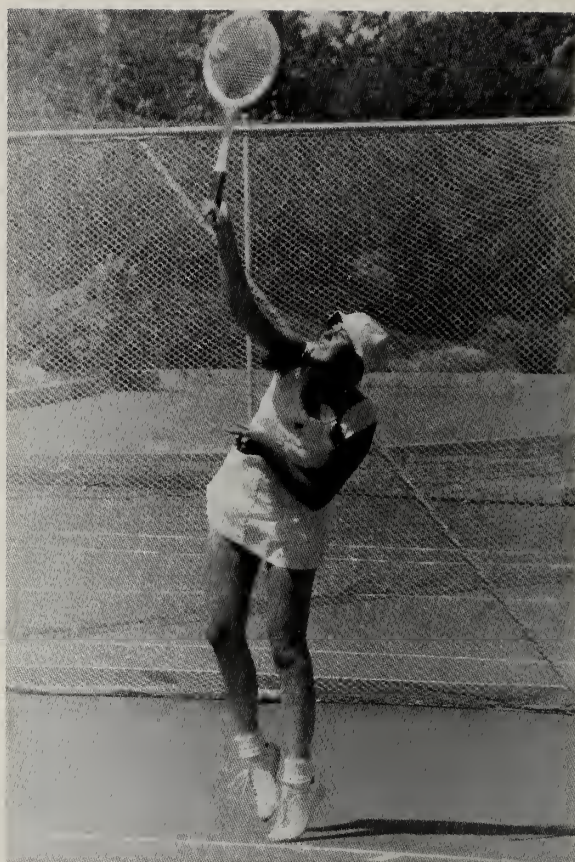
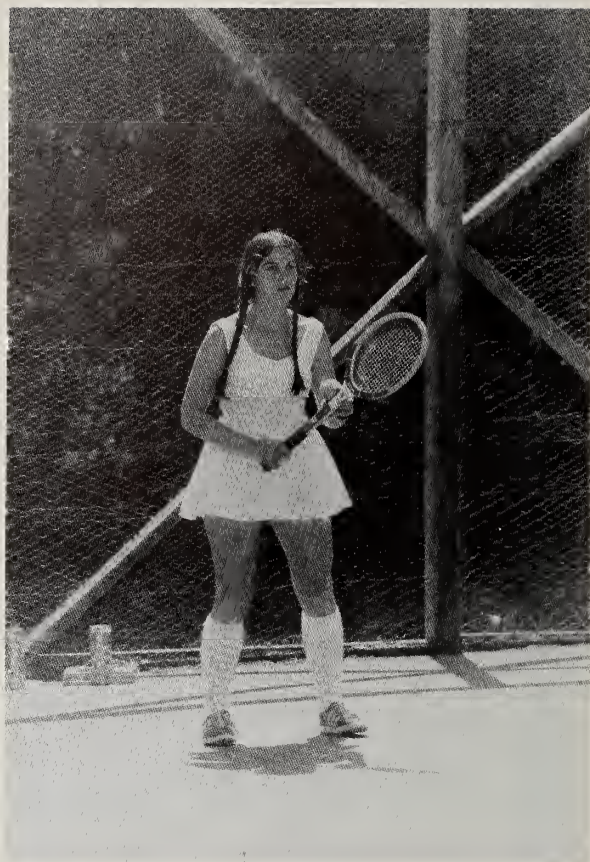
#### The Girls' Competition

1st. Place Ellis	93½ pts.
2nd. Place Privett	83½ pts.
3rd. Place Whittall	60 pts.

#### Final Result

1st. Place Whittall	413 points
2nd. Place Privett	391 points
3rd. Place Ellis	346½ points





## GIRL'S TENNIS

This year, for the first time, the school produced a girls' tennis team. Under the direction of Mr. Prowse, four grade eleven girls — Linda Dominy, Sylvia Fenwick-Wilson, Nancy Liden and Kelly Gage went into training for the Independent Schools Championship. Coaching sessions were organised on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and a number of practice matches were played against the school Junior team, and the Staff team.

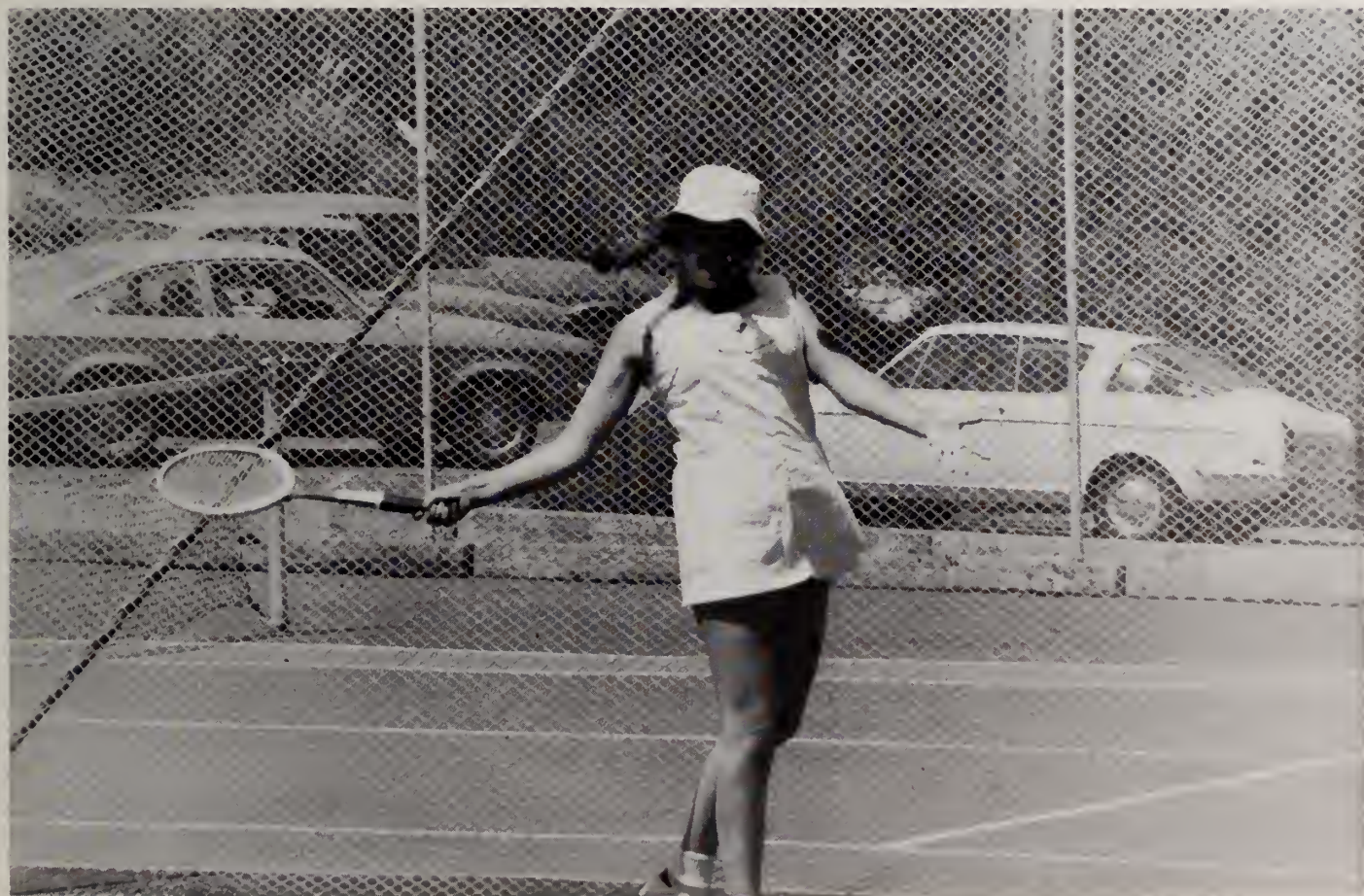
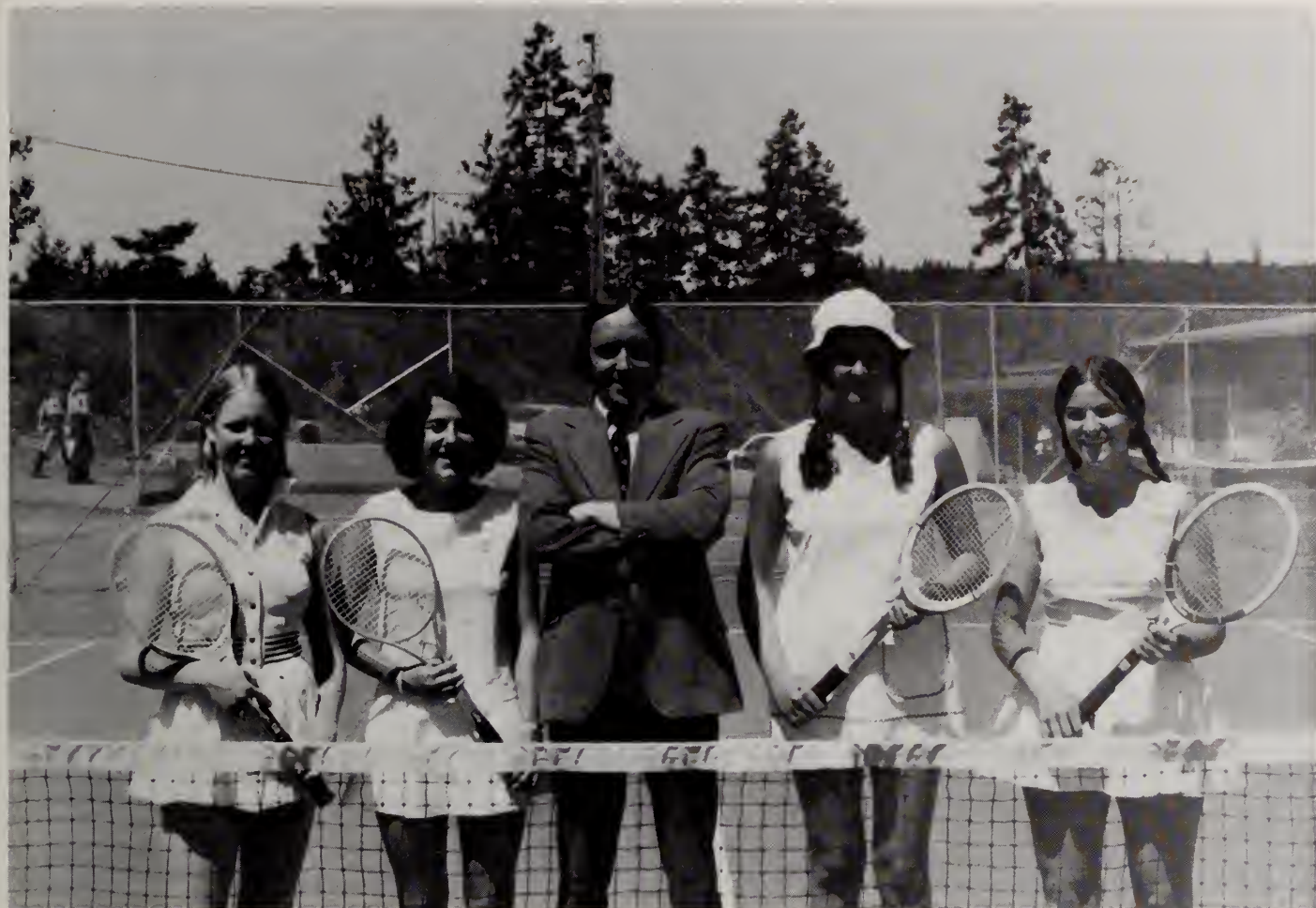
Although we were short of experience, all four of the girls worked very hard and a great improvement was shown by the end of term. Their greatest attribute was that they never gave up and indeed during the course of the term, Sylvia and Nancy in particular surprised a number of more skillful opponents with their tenacity and fighting spirit.

In the Independent Schools Championship we finished fifth and but for a shaky start would have finished higher. For the coach it was very rewarding to watch the girls fight for every point and the tremendous improvement shown during the course of the term. All looks well for the future as all four will be returning next year.

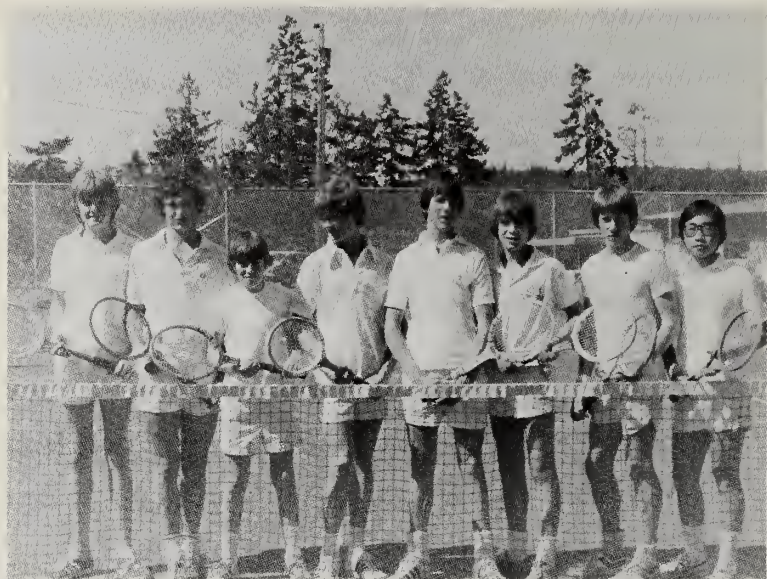
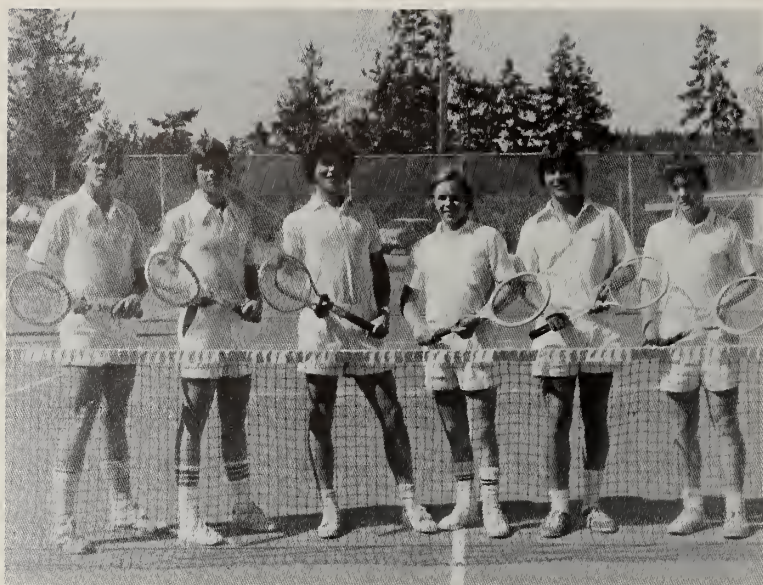
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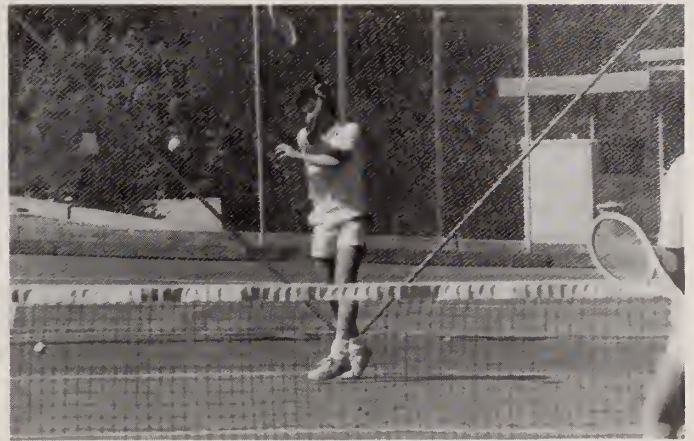
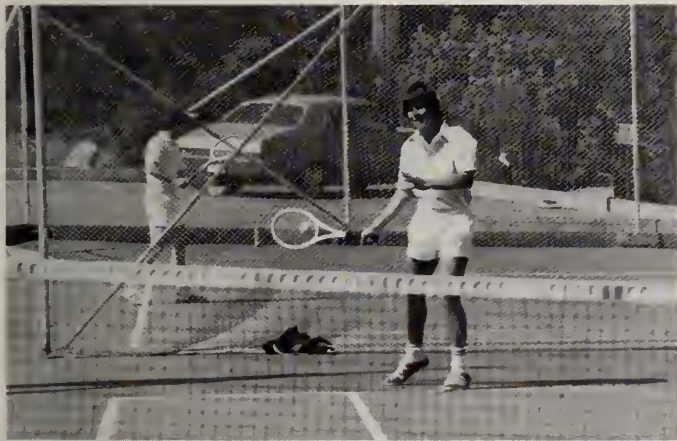
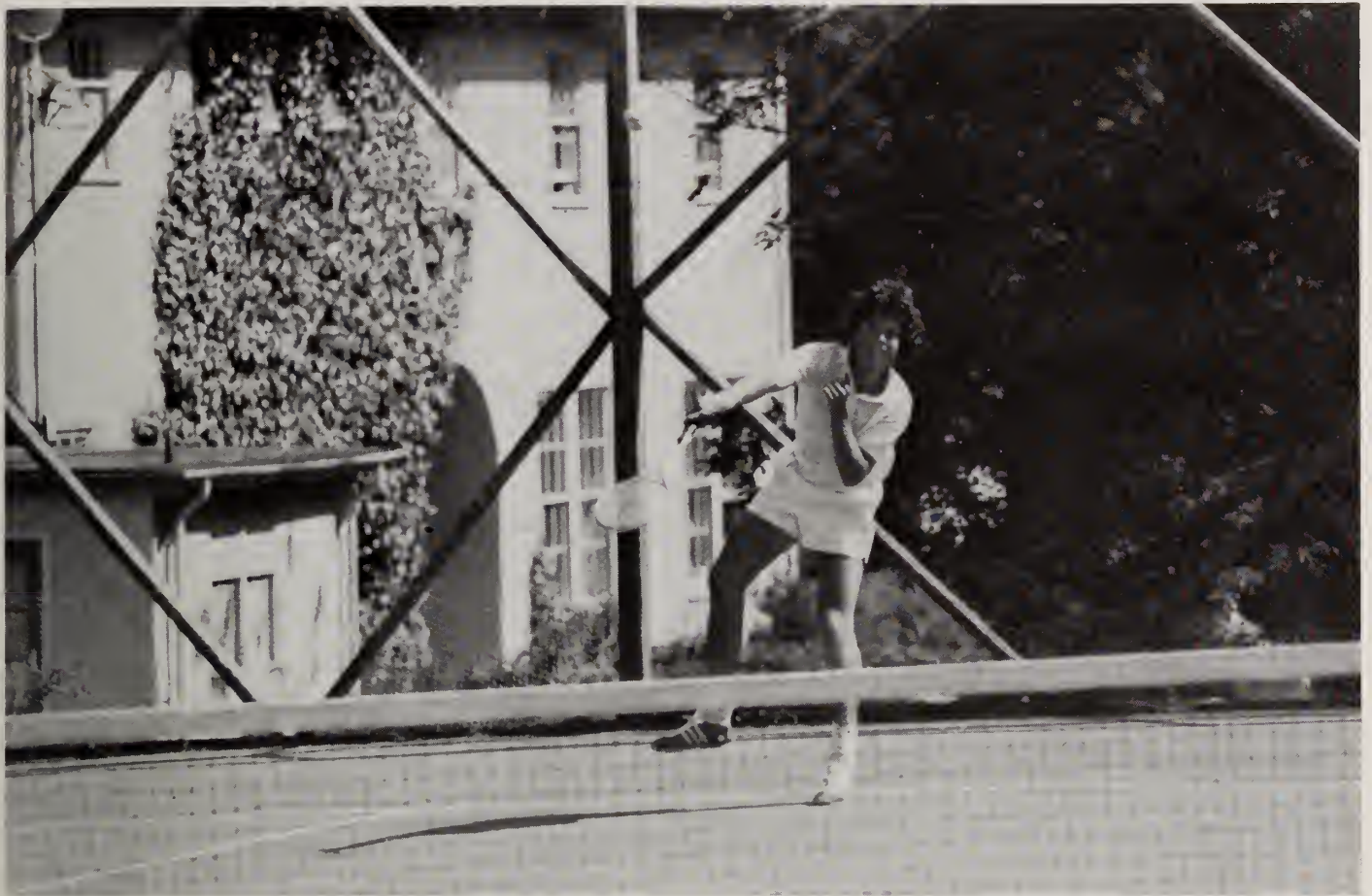
## BOY'S TENNIS

The first Tennis six were a young group this year containing only one grade 12 student, which is a good sign for next year.

The first match was against St. Georges in Vancouver which was very closely fought. Some very good tennis was played in windy conditions and after 5 hours play, we lost 5 matches to 4, the difference being that we lost 2 doubles matches. Unfortunately St. Georges were unable to travel to Brentwood for a return match. The match against St. Michaels was even closer but with a more satisfactory result. It was a combination of players keeping calm under pressure and the St. Michaels boys finding it difficult to concentrate while under the scrutiny of the Brentwood girls. Brentwood won 5-4.

J. Yerxa, seeded number 1, played extremely well through the season and did not lose a singles match. C. Proctor, at two, improved his match play considerably winning his last two singles matches. P. Butterfield, also, did not lose a singles match. D. Ogilvie, G. Illes, G. Yerxa and C. Capozzi all had their moments of triumph during the season and were an asset to the first VI.









## SAILING

Although there were comparatively few changes in the school team this year, many other changes took place in sailing. Perhaps the most welcome was the addition of Mr. R. Cameron to the instructional staff, a move which gave your author an opportunity to spend time re-organizing the workshop and repair end of the club.

Another welcome sight was the arrival of four Lasers, albeit privately owned, which enabled us to enter competition at the club and Provincial level. Our first competition in Lasers was in Vancouver where a peculiar mixture of flat calms, howling gales, and a blinding snowstorm made for an interesting weekend on the water. For us the whole trip was highlighted by the sight of Verne Becott being towed out to sea by his Laser, the mainsheet wrapped around his left ankle.

Between Laser competitions we attended regattas at Strathcona and here at home where we met with complete success in the classes we entered. A long drawn out competition with S.L.S. kept the Rogers Cup at Brent-

wood, while an earlier victory clinched the Independent Schools trophy for another year as well. In those competitions, Don Young, Peter Everett and Bruce Lo distinguished themselves by their very high standard of helmsmanship.

The racing season ended with a most enjoyable three day regatta at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club where Jeff McBride distinguished himself with a second place in the Laser competition and earned the right to represent B.C. in the Nationals this summer.

Apart from racing, a lot of time has been spent in introducing a large number of juniors to sailing. We will need them very soon to replace the large number of team members that are leaving this year. Don Young, Peter Everett, Bruce Lo, Shawn Flynn, Tim Robinson, Chris Roberts, Ken Mallett, Bob Mellish — you have been a grand team and I hope that the sport of sailing will continue to be a big part of your lives.

R.V.L.









## GOLF

Golf continued as one of Brentwood's summer sports. A group of 11 boys played three times a week at Cowichan Golf Course. We had lessons once a week from Neil Murray, the professional. The standard in the group was reasonable but we still do not have a competitive boys team. In the Vancouver Island High School tournament, we finished well down the list with some unspectacular scoring.

Norman Root began the term well shooting 82 and then 78 in his first week. However as the term progressed his game deserted him and he never did achieve the same standard again. We had some promising youngsters in Murray Serjeant, Chico Newell and Colin Mosher. Jim Shipley was a dedicated player but the rest were weaker players who found great trouble in breaking 100. All these

players have much to learn about the game and they should all realise that practice is necessary for improvement. Many of them consider themselves 'Jack Nicklaus' already but they do not hit the 500-1000 practice balls that Jack Nicklaus was hitting at their age.

In the Rob Soukop Memorial competition, Murray Serjeant won with a 36 hole total of  $85+94=179$ . Norman Root ( $94+91=185$ ) was second and Jim Shipley was third with a score of  $93+95=188$ . The winning total was sixteen strokes more than David Hawksworth's total of 163 in 1973, which seems to indicate that the group is not as strong as it was a few years ago. My hope is that the promising young players will work hard on their game and will establish a solid foundation for future years.

J.B. Garvey.









## SKIING

The Easter term is now punctuated with five ski weekends. For this period the school changes to a 5-day week allowing the students leave from Friday night until Sunday night.

For those students who do not live locally and who therefore cannot get home for a weekend skiing, the school arranges ski-trips to accommodate them.

Three ski weekends went to Garibaldi's Whistler Mountain and two went up island to Forbidden Plateau. All the trips were most successful. The weather generally was excellent and conditions were superb. No major accidents were suffered — although Dan McBride did visit a Vancouver hospital after a sudden collision with a "mogul". Fortunately nothing was broken although he did have some sore bruises. The three trips to Whistler were made especially pleasant by our hosts. The group stayed at the Garibaldi Lodge on all three occasions and the warm hospitality of the managers Mr. and Mrs. Lambert was greatly appreciated by all concerned.

The school entered two ski races at Whistler and fared extremely well. In the first meet against St. Davids and St. Georges, Brentwood won the "slalom" by a large margin, came a narrow second in the "downhill" and won the meet over-all. Gary Lare was the over-all individual winner with good solid performances from John Menefee, Sylvia Fenwick-Wilson, John St. Clair, and Richard Robertson. It

was especially pleasing to see our girls do so well when up against all-boy opposition. Sylvia Fenwick-Wilson, Lynda Gervais and Barbara Sutherland proved to be good fast skiers with a fine competitive edge.

In the Independent Schools Ski Competition — also held at Whistler — we again did very well. The first day was skied in atrocious conditions. This was the giant slalom and the course was too tricky for even the best of the skiers. Shawnigan showed up very strongly on the first run but three of the six competitors fell on the second run. Brentwood did the same and so St. Georges who managed to get four double-run finishers won the giant slalom even though they had slower times than both Brentwood and Shawnigan.

In the slalom however, a good solid team performance based on consistency enabled Brentwood to win the team title. Gary Lare, John Menefee, Greg Capozzi, Peter Annable, Sylvia Fenwick-Wilson and Barbara Sutherland were the team members. Overall Brentwood was second to Shawnigan by a mere few tenths of a second.

Our very young team — including two grade nines, one grade ten and two grade elevens — should be extremely strong next year. We also hope to enter the Vancouver Island School and Team Championships next year.

J.B. Garvey.









## CURLING

At the beginning of the academic year we were promised a two hour time slot on Tuesdays and Thursdays at the new Mill Bay Arena. Thus we all returned after Christmas with high hopes of a full term of curling on our own doorstep. No more hasty lunches followed by a bus trip into Duncan. No more being squeezed in before the local schools — marvellous. However it was not to be — construction delays, missing dehumidifiers, lost fire doors, — our hopes were dashed. The club was completely disbanded for the first half of term. Brooms were put away again, and would be world Champion curlers suffered the indignity of having to play badminton or field hockey or God forbid, run the cross country!

We finally got on the ice at the end of February. There were eight rinks and for the remainder of the term we played in a round-robin competition. This was won by the

Peter Everett rink (Chris Roberts-third, Bruce Lo-second; Jamie-Green-lead.)

In the last week of term the inter-house competition was played. Once again Peter Everett was the winner, this time representing Privett House I and nobly assisted by Rob. Mellish (third), Ken Mallett (second) and Alan Clark (lead). Peter's rink then represented the School in the Mill Bay Arena end of year Bonspiel. They did very well to reach the semi-final before bowing out.

The standard of curling was higher this year than ever before. In addition to the considerable skill shown by Peter Everett, Rob Chapman, Lance Appleby, Malcolm Matheson, Ralph Backer, Blake Hanbury, and Kevin Lamb also maintained a very high standard.

We are all looking forward to a full term of curling next year.

N.R.B.P.









It was inevitable that I, an acknowledged expert\* in North American games, should be asked to coach ice-hockey. I immediately drafted as my assistant Mr. W.T. Ross as there seemed to be one or two little features of the game of which he was rather more cognizant than I (he can, for example, skate!) So, with two highly knowledgeable coaches at the helm, the club seemed well under way.

We had three hours per week of ice time (1 hour on Tuesday and 2 hours on Thursday) at the Big M.B. (the new Mill Bay Ice Arena) and all that remained was to invite students to accompany us. We started games on a House basis, but it soon became obvious that the Privett team was far too powerful. We, therefore reorganized the teams with Brad Pettinger leading the Blackfoot, Mark Phillips the Haida and Scott Mathieson the Iroquois.

We have also had one Senior Rep game against S.L.S. Mr. Ross was involved with the C.U.P.E. strike in Victoria (he doubles as Chairman of the Victoria School Board and Chief garbage collector) so that it fell on me to give words of wisdom prior to the conflict. Fortunately these were completely ignored by the players, so that we won 4-3. Babe Pratt's 3 Star Selection was Brad Pettinger, Mark Phillips and Greg Capozzi.



# HOCKEY

## SENIOR HOCKEY



Mr. Ross is putting the squad through very intensive practices and highly skilled drills in preparation for forthcoming games against S.M.U. and the staff. The former should be a walk-over, but the staff are a formidable combination and highly confident. Several of them can actually skate once around the rink without hanging onto the sides at all.

The new Arena has certainly proved a welcome addition to the local facilities and Ice Hockey is a popular part of the multi-sports programme in the Spring Term. Hockey Canada are to take over the College in the summer months, and rumour has it that the N.H.L. stars conducting the Clinics are eager to pick the brains of Messrs. Ross and Ford to find some new wrinkles on the game.

\*For those who don't remember, you may recall I coached The Brentwood Rounders (sorry, softball) team that demolished the Mill Bay Fire Department in a series that attracted almost complete indifference in Island sporting circles.

Ivor Ford.





# AQUATIC

## BRONZE MEDALLION

### Bronze Medallion

Course #1: D. Weare, M. Warner, R. Yuodelis, P. Benmore, H. Spragins, N. Joyce, G. Anglin, J. St. Clair

Course #2: F. Waddell, R. Altman, D. Reid, M. Langer, S. Berkeley, J. Holme, P. Holmes, H. Lyons, C. Purvis, S. Busfield

### Bronze Cross

Next Level after Bronze:

S. McDonald  
D. Langer  
K. Stockdale  
D. Hagar

### Bar to the Bronze Cross

Next Level after Bronze Cross

R. Lloyd

## AWARDS OF MERIT



## RED CROSS GROUP

The Brentwood Instructional Swimming Programme had a very successful year qualifying 30 Red Cross candidates, and 32 Royal Life Saving candidates.

The courses are split up as follows:

**Red Cross** successful candidates 30 pupils;

**Pre-Beginner:** C. Jabour

**Beginner:** H. Wright

**Juniors:** G. Pritchard, P. Tessier, D. Marsden, B. Dillon, T. Mok

**Intermediates:** G. Horth, M. Philp, R. Tocher, B. Towns, G. Redding, S. Backer, D. Angus, S. Ramage, J. Yeuns, P. Tessier, B. Dillion, T. Revill, R. Peters, P. McMillen, M. Fredbeck, G. Illes

**Seniors:** J. Green, J. Aisenstat, G. Ramage, V. Becott, J. Carswell, D. Barnett, M. Barr, G. Warne

**Royal Life** successful Candidates 32 Pupils;





# REPORT



## Award of Merit

This Level requires a great deal of hard work and desire.

S. MacDonald  
D. Hagar  
K. Stockdale  
D. Langer

The above candidates both in Red Cross and Royal Life Saving courses all successfully qualified for their various awards.

They received their diplomas, medals and badges at a Brentwood full school assembly, the presentation being made by Mr. G. Bunch, Assistant Headmaster.

The Instructional staff of the Aquatic programme wish to extend their sincere congratulations to the aforementioned students for their hours of dedication and hard work.

A very special commendation to Doug Langer, our school senior boy, who qualified for his Bronze Medallion,

Bronze Cross, and Award of Merit, all at the same time.

He swam his qualifications from 2.0 p.m. continuously until 5.45 p.m. — Fine effort!

We must not forget the two "mighty-niles", Carl Jabour and Harold Wright, who came to us completely "non-swimmers". After a great deal of discomfort and fatigue they came through with flying colours, well done Carl and Harold! We hope you have many pleasurable hours of swimming.

Last but by no means least, our sincere congratulations to all the Red Cross and Royal Life candidates. It was a real pleasure working with you.

As a parting remark, we would like to say to you all, "Please keep up your interest in the aquatic field and spread your knowledge amongst others".

P.S. We are currently in the progress of training an intermediate life saving award for students under 14 years of age.





# CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING



## CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

A small group chose to run for fun this term and we had many enjoyable outings along the 'Oyster Run', the 'School Course' and even a sunny jaunt along Marine Drive in Victoria. We did our share of hard work too with 'fartlek' wind sprints from the Ice Arena to Shawnigan Garage, a time trial to the log boom from the flagpole — and back. Can anyone beat 28 m. 30 s.? Much of our running was done in deep snow and all the preparation for the 'Independent Schools' would have been accomplished more easily in snow shoes. The Shawnigan Lake Course was heavily snowbound and only the Junior Team produced a noteworthy performance finishing second to a very sprightly St. George's outfit. In the 'Inter House Com-

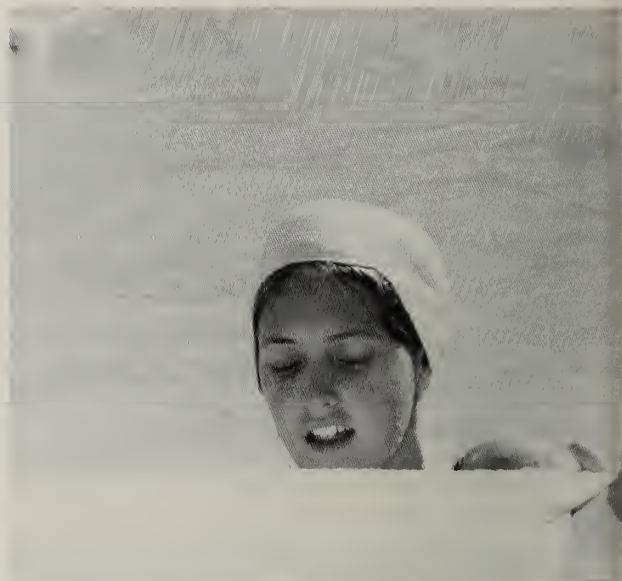
petition' the snow conditions again prevailed and made the going very difficult for the unfit and the heavier brethren. All three races produced some excellent, and unexpected results. Bruce Perkins ran away from Lance Appleby and Jamie Martin to win the Senior Event in a very creditable time of 19 m. 20 s. John Yerxa surprised everyone, including himself, by walking away with the Junior Prize in a time of 22 m. 09 s. Scott Busfield and Geoff Briggs followed him home. Ruth Lloyd and Diane Montgomery had a ding dong battle in the exciting Girls' Race with Di producing that little bit extra to win in 21 m. 36 s. around a slightly shorter course. Heather Davie finished third.



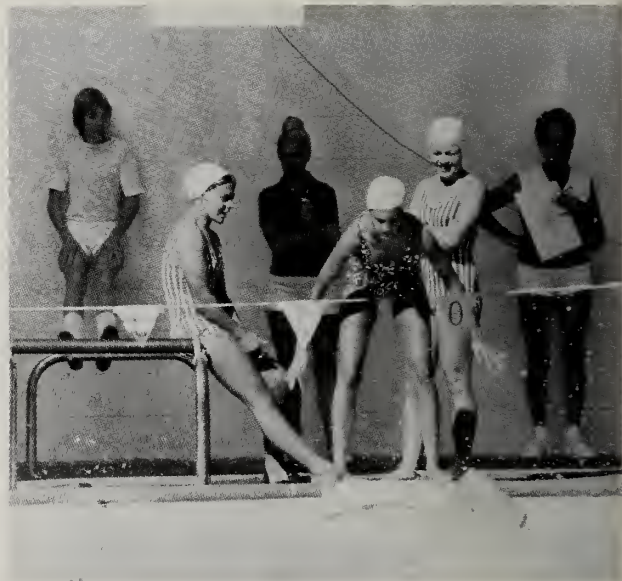
# SNOW SOCCER



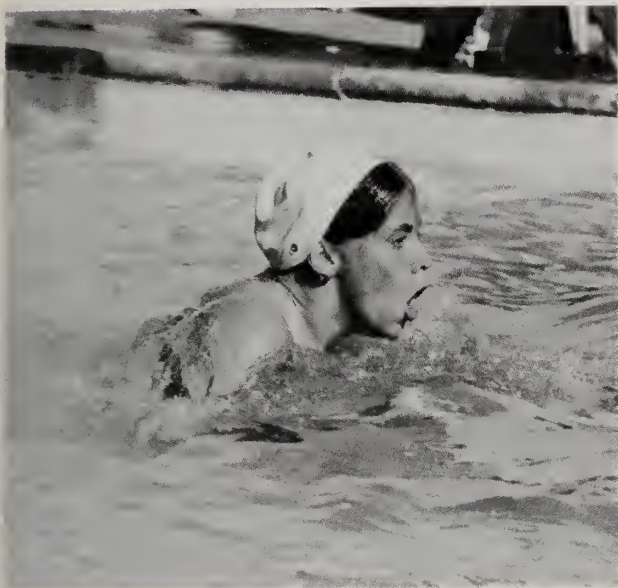




## INTER-HOUSE







## COMPETITION

















# STUDENT ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

At a meeting of the Brentwood College Development committee held in August 1974, it was suggested that a Student Activities Committee be set up to promote, organise, co-ordinate and direct all social, cultural and recreational activities within the school.

Mr. N. Prowse was appointed S.A.C. Co-ordinator and two students from each House were elected to sit on the Committee when the school returned in September. Those elected together with their particular area of responsibility were as follows:

Rogers House Alex House Ellis House Privett House  
Whittall House

Rogers House — Philip Butterfield (School Dances)

— Pat Hogan (Cedar Lodge)

Alex House — Anne Scrimger (Cultural outings).

Beth Palashe (School dances)

Ellis House — John Yerxa (Saturday movies)

Todd Pritchard (Recreational outings)

Privett House — Brad Pettinger (Camping trips)

— Charles Proctor (General assistant)

Whittall House — Sam Zien (Korean Foster Child)

— John St. Clair (General assistant)

The Committee met once every two weeks, and under its direction, several soc-hops and two formal dances were organised, a great many trips to the theatre, concerts

(classical and pop), art galleries, and shows of various kinds were undertaken, as well as visits to local points of interest and on Sundays, bowling in Duncan, and practice shoots at the Cowichan Valley Rod and Gun Club. In addition the S.A.C. sponsored a number of biscuit and cheese lunches in aid of the Korean child the school supports through the Unitarian Service Committee of Canada, and also sent volunteer students to act as assistant counsellors at Cedar Lodge on Wednesday evenings. All in all it was a most successful experiment. Not only did the Committee make its presence felt within the school by greatly increasing the number of activities available to students but, also by providing the philosophy of 'self-help', it got the students involved in promoting and organizing 'free time' activities, thereby helping to alleviate the problem of life at boarding school being divided into 'compulsory participation' and 'boring free time'!

Hopefully in the future the S.A.C. will play an ever increasing part in Brentwood College life. That it has already made such an impact is due entirely to the hard work of those students involved this year, particularly Philip Butterfield, Anne Scrimger, and Pat Hogan.

N.R.B.P.

Co-ordinator S.A.C.



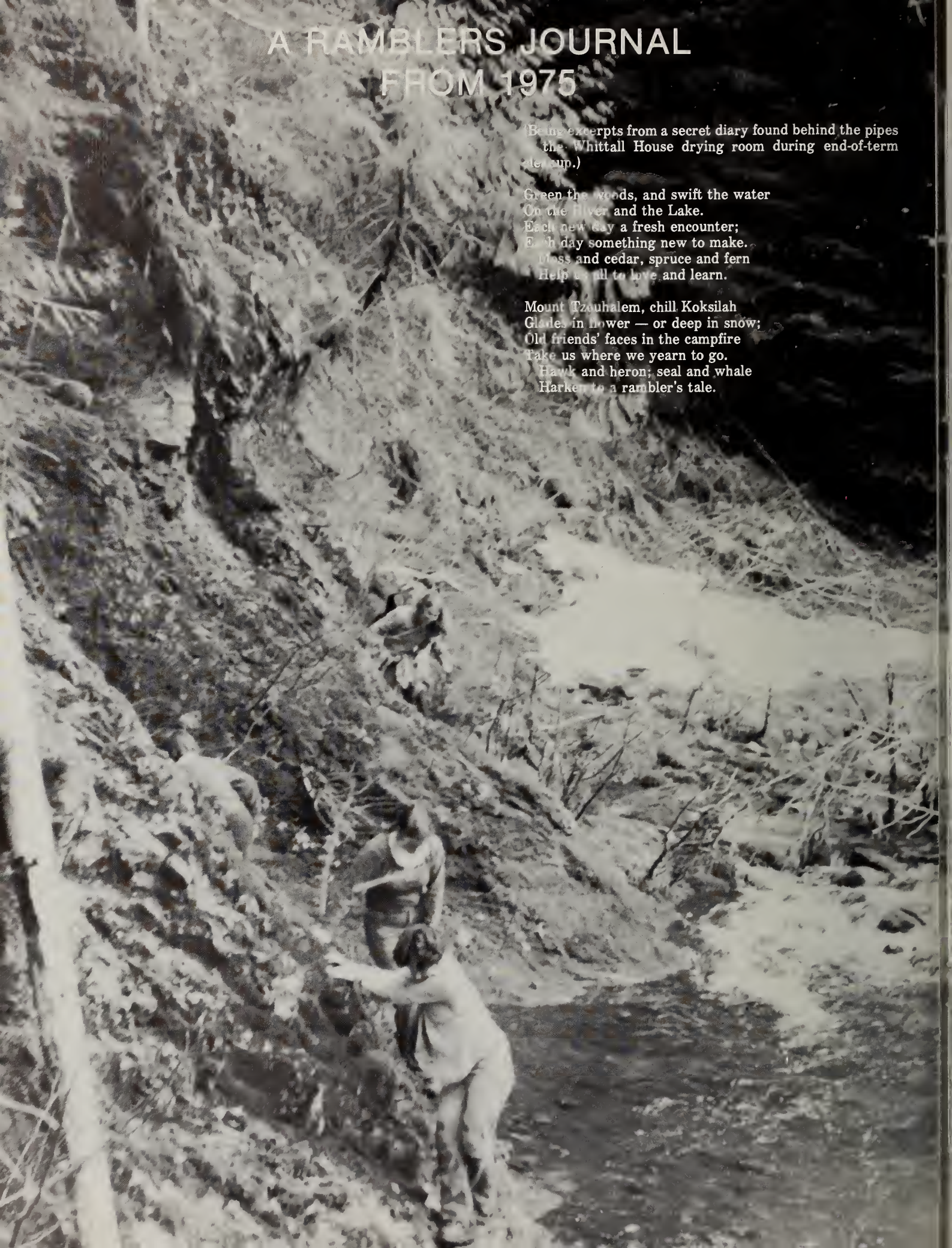


# A RAMBLERS JOURNAL FROM 1975

(Being excerpts from a secret diary found behind the pipes  
in the Whittall House drying room during end-of-term  
cleanup.)

Green the woods, and swift the water  
On the river and the Lake.  
Each new day a fresh encounter;  
Each day something new to make.  
Bloss and cedar, spruce and fern  
Help us all to love and learn.

Mount Tzeuhalem, chill Koksilah  
Glades in flower — or deep in snow;  
Old friends' faces in the campfire  
Take us where we yearn to go.  
Hawk and heron; seal and whale  
Harken to a Rambler's tale.







## FEBRUARY

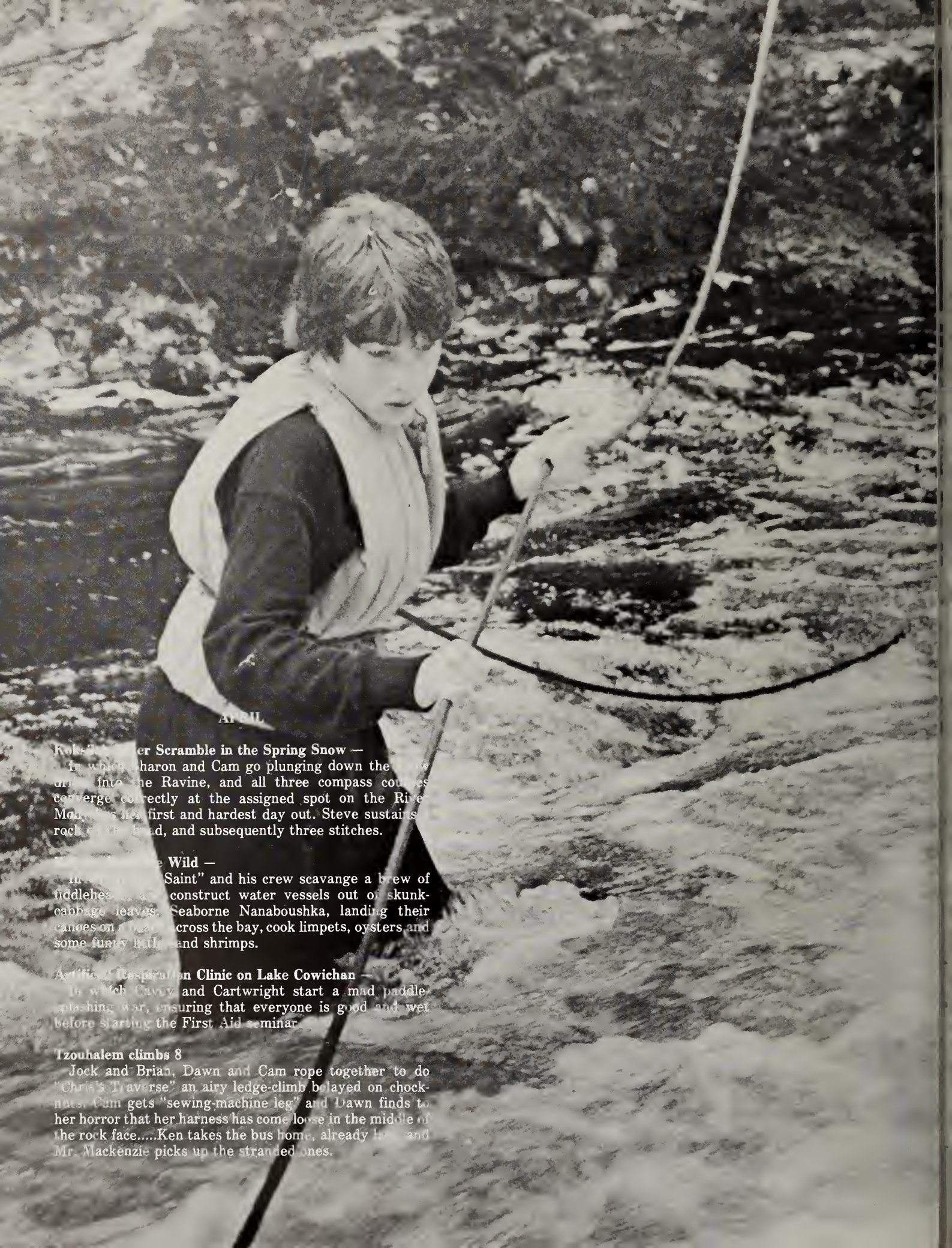
In which Mt. Baker is visited on a wintery weekend. Geoff digs for four hours so that we can sleep in a snow cave lit by eight wax candles. Everyone wakes up to green pea soup with cheese dumplings, served in the sleeping bags — because it is too cold to move about anyway. Fresh snow to ski back down on. A game of “Are you there Moriarty?” helps while away the time in the Lodge as we wait for the Bus.

## MARCH

In which seven students are discovered staggering about on cross-country skis at 11,000 ft. in Colorado. Shelagh cooks up a whole meal in the Mountain Man's Cabin; Sarah melts snow from the roof to fill the water bottles; Andrew finds out all about hypothermic shock; Ruth perfects the telemark turn; Owen wonders why everyone is so cold; Mayland ski-leaps off snow drifts as a self-styled kite; Andrea hugs a 5,000 year old bristle-cone pine. And the blessing of good food and warm hospitality is brought home to us by Gene at the feast in his home on the last night.







ALBU

**Rolls Royce River Scramble in the Spring Snow —**

In which Sharon and Cam go plunging down the snow drifts into the Ravine, and all three compass courses converge correctly at the assigned spot on the River Mouth on the first and hardest day out. Steve sustains a rock on the head, and subsequently three stitches.

**Seaborne Nanaboushka Wild —**

In which "The Saint" and his crew scavenge a brew of fiddleheads and construct water vessels out of skunk-cabbage leaves. Seaborne Nanaboushka, landing their canoes on a beach across the bay, cook limpets, oysters and some funny little fish and shrimps.

**Artificial Inspiration Clinic on Lake Cowichan —**

In which Cavity and Cartwright start a mad paddle-slashing war, ensuring that everyone is good and wet before starting the First Aid seminar.

**Tzouhalem climbs 8**

Jock and Brian, Dawn and Cam rope together to do "Chris's Traverse" an airy ledge-climb belayed on chock-nuts. Cam gets "sewing-machine leg" and Dawn finds to her horror that her harness has come loose in the middle of the rock face.....Ken takes the bus home, already late, and Mr. Mackenzie picks up the stranded ones.





## MAY

### **Mt. Prevost —**

On a hot hot day, Laura makes it all the way up through the heavy jungle of logged scrub. Snow drifts still hiding in the shady nooks at the top help slake our thirst. Malcolm climbs the white needle monument, wind about his ears. Jonathan stares out over the expanse of the Cowichan Valley spectacularly clear below. Blair and Rex do flips and rolling dives in the sloping drifts on the road down. Jock becomes a jack-in-the-box goblin in a snowhole of his own. And Laura finishes her day by running two miles in excellent form on the way down to the bus.

### **Sails on Lake Cowichan —**

Steve and Michael's crew get up a viking catamaran of lashed canoes with a tarpaulin squaresail, head off before the wind, and after a half mile of rapid transit, all but ram the log boom. Kelly goes swimming in spite of the cold, and the man in the little logger's tug putt-putts by to see that no-one is dismantling his boom.

### **Wigwam "sweat house" at Bright Angel —**

Mike Murkowski, Debbie, Elizabeth and Shelagh learn the art of plaiting willow and alder branches over a frame of bent saplings to leave a leafy roof over the soft grey sand bank. Such a big sauna, there is room for everyone at once.

### **Spectacle Lake Raft —**

In which Geoff and Andrea swim along the lake and float back a gigantic log which forms the mainstay of our Kon-tiki. Dawn, Kim, Jock, and Sandy haul half the forest deadfalls along and hurl them down the cliff to the construction site. The splinter-group's mini-raft sinks ignominiously, so Blair returns the valuable rope pilfered for their lashings.

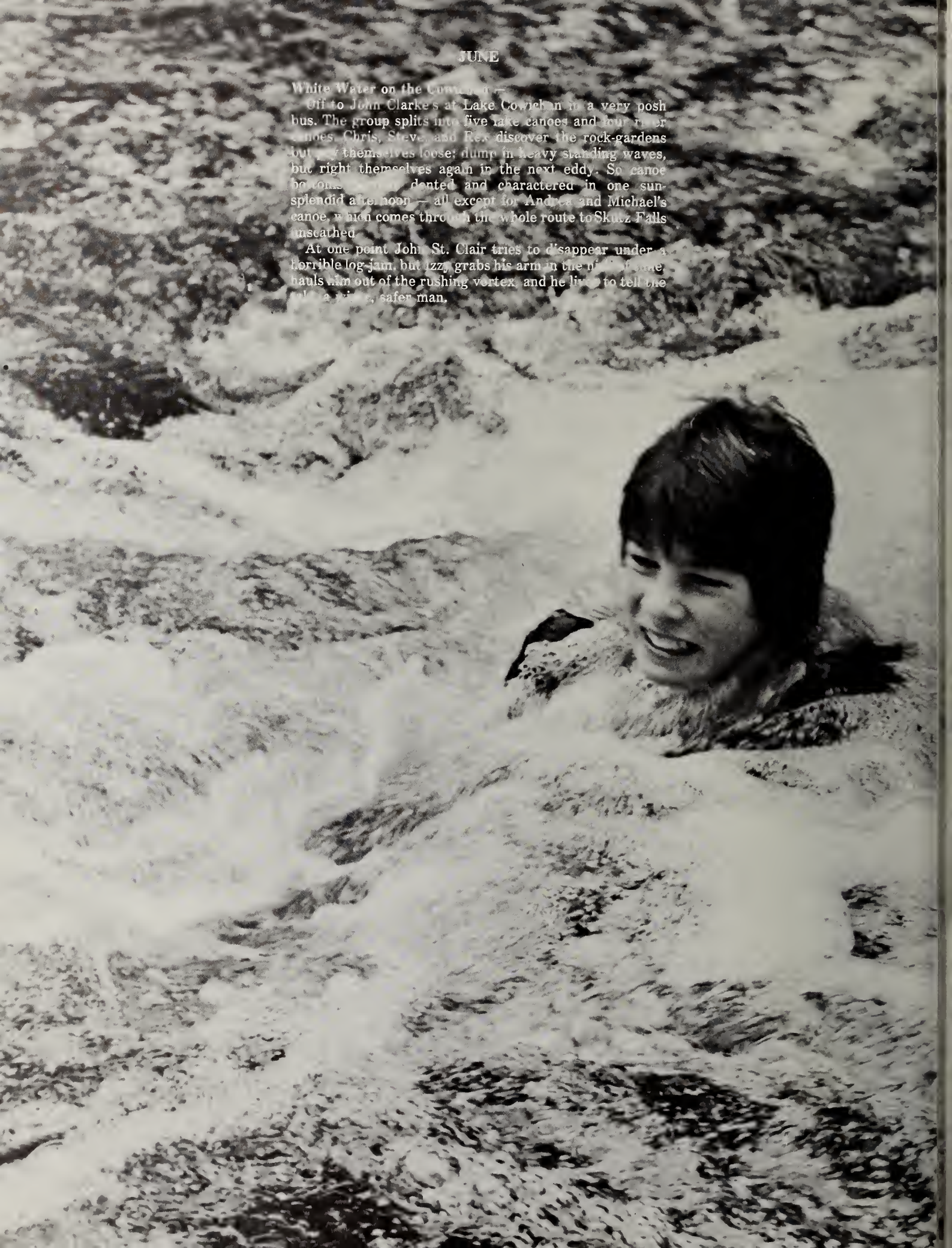


## JUNE

### White Water on the Cowichan —

Off to John Clarke's at Lake Cowichan in a very posh bus. The group splits into five lake canoes and four river canoes. Chris, Steve, and Rex discover the rock-gardens but get themselves loose; dump in heavy standing waves, but right themselves again in the next eddy. So canoe bottoms are dented and characterized in one sun-splendid afternoon — all except for Andrea and Michael's canoe, which comes through the whole route to Skuz Falls unscathed.

At one point John St. Clair tries to d'sappear under a horrible log-jam, but Izzie grabs his arm in the nick of time, hauls him out of the rushing vortex, and he lives to tell the tale a wiser, safer man.







**Apple Cobbler by the Trestle Bridge —**

In which the antique railroad-scooter takes a sentimental journey down the disused track, carrying baking ingredients on the way in, and a load of jettisoned oil cans and other garbage (collected by Kitchigami) on the way out.

Geoff, Isabella, Steve, and David sample the tyrolean traverse over a deep swimming pool where the others dive for the rubbish washed downstream from the trestle renovations. Elizabeth and Sharon assemble the tasty pastie of apple slices, cinnamon, raisins, brown sugar, and butter.

Gerry, carrying a large rucksack, appears in unexpected places high among the girders of the Trestle Bridge — on which he is now an authority.

So with a campfire, a swim, an environmental clean-up, and some rope work, our last day on the trail ends, as Dave McAlpine picks us up in the old bus.

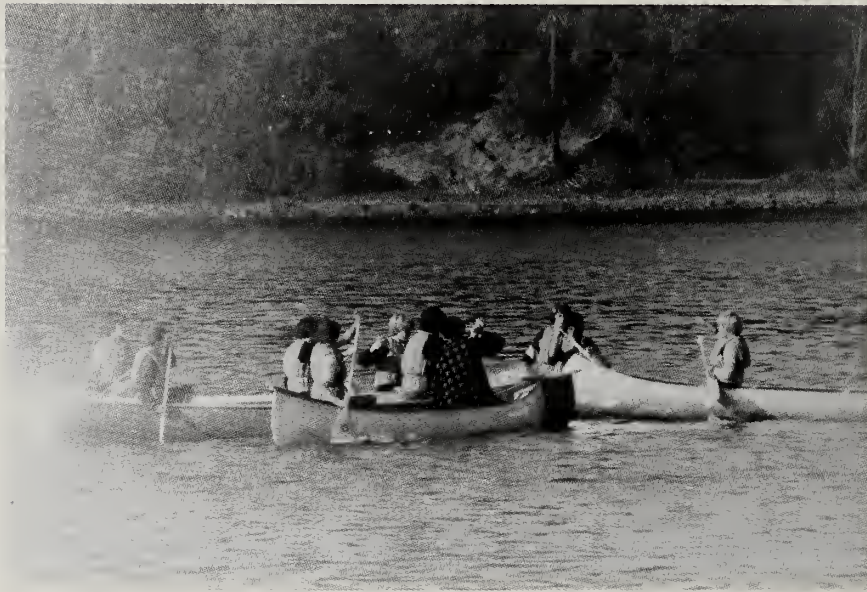


**A Hospital Ramble —**

In which a busload of visitors, armed with ice-cream, water melon, cheeses, strawberries, and pepperoni sausage, descend upon the Cowichan District Hospital to celebrate with Cam his release therefrom. They find him in good form and mending beautifully. Songs and watermelon-pip fights break out on the grass, until Ken arrives in the bus and we say goodbye.

**Mt. Maxwell via Tug Boat "Queen" —**

In which the Tug Boat skipper lands his clients on a vast log-boom at low tide, when the gap between the boom and the shore is still narrow enough to be negotiated by a hastily constructed log bridge. Eva and little Andrew by their example give the group strength to complete the long hike to the top where skunk-cabbage aeroplanes are raced along the logging road, bracken-fern spears are launched from deadly ambush, and the fire-power of the Douglas fir cone is discovered and demonstrated by the usual bunch of rowdies. Ian leads the way down the slope to the waiting tug. And Kim brings home a blue feather, a deer horn, and a gigantic rounded nodule of thick moss!



Green the woods, and swift the water  
On the River and the Lake....  
Now the leaves are turning golden  
And we've other trails to take.  
Moss and cedar, spruce and fern  
Together now we love, and learn.

R. Common.



## FINE ARTS







In these days, when a dollar does not go very far, it is most gratifying to be able to commend the production of the Mikado which was given in the school auditorium during the last week of term. For sheer entertainment value it would have been hard to find a show that gave as much.

Far from being the usual run of the mill high school production to be endured by fond relatives and reluctant friends, it was a very professional piece of work.

Direction was by John Queen, who has produced over a dozen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, while the musical direction was in the hands of Robert Cooper, who conducted an orchestra made up of members of the Vancouver Island Symphony Orchestra.

The leads were all very competently played, but there was one outstanding performance, that of John Krysa, who played the part of Poo-Bah. He has a marvelous deep bass voice which he combined with a real flair for comedy. His wide range of facial expression and excellent timing made me think that a professional had been slipped into what was, after all, a strictly amateur cast.

The fresh young voices of Peter Butterfield and Kari Kilby, who played Nanki-Poo and Yum Yum, were not only pleasant to hear but had that happy quality of enunciation

that enables the audience to hear every single word. The same quality was evident in the voice of Philip Butterfield, who played a very amusing Ko-Ko the Lord High Executioner. Linda Cooper made an imposing Katisha and Steven Hill, doing a remarkable job at short notice, an awesome Mikado; Tod Hall was an agreeably lugubrious Pish-Tush, while Kari Kilby, Isabella Morrison and Mary-Jo Fetterly positively sparkled as naughty-but-nice Three Little Maids.

The professional touches mentioned earlier were evident in the sets, costumes, makeup and lighting which combined to give a slick, polished effect. An enthusiastic chorus made good use of this well-equipped stage, and here the excellence of direction in getting a large cast to move smoothly in a confined space was obvious.

If there were any flaws in the performance, and it would be foolish to claim perfection for any amateur performance, this cannot be said of the music. This was Robert Cooper's sixth Mikado, and he got the very best out of what is probably Gilbert and Sullivan's most attractive musical score.

This was a most enjoyable experience, and congratulations on a job very well done should go to all involved.

Diogenes.



## THE MIKADO

Assistant Directors	Kim Kurylo	
	Neil Aisenstat	
Business Managers	Mr. R.G. Pitt	
	Mr. L.M. Crookston	
Costumes . . . . . (Principal)	Mallabars, Winnipeg	
	(Chorus)	Mrs. A. Carr
		Mrs. D. Mackenzie
		Miss R. Ball
		Miss A. Holden
		Mrs. V. Lironi
		Mrs. Golden
		Mrs. Crowcroft
		Mrs. J. Arthurs
		Ruth Lloyd
		Diane Montgomery
		Sandra Wallace
Chorus Costumes Designed By	Miss V. Collier	
Wigs	Mallabars, Winnipeg	
Lighting	Mr. J. Sargeant	
	Bruce McKinnon	
	Derek Sharpe	
Sets . . . . . Designed and built by	Mr. J. Sargeant	
	Painted by	Mrs. P. Simmons
	Backdrop painted by	Mr. J. Kempster
Make Up	Mr. T.G. Bunch	
	and Drama Students	
Stage Manager	Mr. A.C. Carr	
Front of House Manager	Ramsay Milne	
Sound Equipment	Macey Sound, Victoria	
	Operator	Peter Everett
Dance Choreography	Mrs. M. Wichlinski	
Amended Lyrics	Mr. J. Ford	
Reception	Mr. H. Martin	
Catering	Mrs. E. Hallett	
Stage Crew	Charles Young	
	Gerry Morrissey	
	Craig Revill	
	Matt Warner	
Rehearsal Pianist	Mrs. J. Wood	
Publicity	Mr. R. Cameron	
Properties	Kim Kurylo	
Ko-Ko (Lord High Executioner of Titipu)	Philip Butterfield	
Pooh-Bah (Lord High Everythingelse)	John Krysa	

Three sisters, wards of Ko-Ko:	
Yum-Yum .....	Karen Killy
Pitti-Sing .....	Isabella Morrison
Peep-Bo .....	Mary-Jo Fetterly
The Mikado of Japan .....	Steven Hill
Katisha (an elderly lady, in love with Nanki-Poo) .....	Linda Cooper
Pish-Tush (a Noble Lord) .....	Tod Hall
Go-To (a Noble Lord) .....	Jerry Steves
Nanki-Poo (the Mikado's son, disguised as a wandering minstrel and in love with Yum-Yum) .....	
	Peter Butterfield

Nona Avren  
Janet Cavey  
Lindsay Collins  
Leslie Croll  
Hilary Downey  
Dodie Galler  
Linda Gervais  
Susan Hebb  
Erika Horvath  
Teresa Laico  
Nancy Liden  
Andrea MacDonald

Ralph Backer  
Fritz Bahr  
Peter Booth  
Robert Bruce  
Scott Busfield  
Peter Chan  
Craig Frith  
Raymond Fung  
David Griffiths  
Geoff Hall  
Bill Hughes

Donald Holme  
Tim Marshall  
Michael Murkowski

Sharon MacDonald  
Anna McIntosh  
Kelly Marsh  
Eileen Miller  
Susan Pearson  
Sarah Roncarelli  
Anne Scrimger  
Annie Shi  
Sheelagh Smith  
Barbara Sutherland  
Judith Thomson  
Bridget Trousdell

Jamie Macalister  
Dale Martin  
Malcolm Matheson  
John Menefee  
David Ogilvie  
Warren Rabey  
Richard Robertson  
Chris Van Es  
Owen Williams  
Darcy Woronuk  
Sam Zien

Chris Simpson  
Gardner Warne  
Grant Williams















## DRAMA CLUB — 1974/75

It is strangely fascinating how all man's social affairs, particularly those of the theatre, have their own peculiar, almost sacred, times and seasons. To the actor or director, daylight is certainly no friend, the summer sun virtually a stranger. The nocturnal hours, October to April, ritualize the Thespian's calendar — a time for their Caligari-shadows to stride across deserted stages lit by naked work lights, for ashtrays to be piled higher and forever higher, for coffee dregs to become blacker, colder, and more lethal.

I am caught in this idle and quite purposeless reflection through the recent experience of having violated these sacred theatre rhythms by mounting a matinee (and evening) performance of *Everyman* "out of season" — in mid-June, no less! Outside, the play of sun on sails, the bark of the cox, the flap of flippered divers; inside, the swallowed hush as whips are raised for *Everyman* to receive the scourge of penance from the hands of Confession. Incongruous, admittedly, but on reflection a sense of rightness, or at least inevitability, prevailed nonetheless.

We were unavoidably caught in this dilemma by my own amateur and somewhat clumsy attempts at role-playing during the year. Throughout the really fertile Spring months I had been obliged to forsake the Director's chair for that of the Headmaster. Returning to the group in early Summer, I abandoned my usual courteous and democratic approach of "What shall we do?" in favour of the more dictatorial, "We are going to do!" I am quite sure that club members understood and appreciated the reasons for this change: they were restless, impatient, a trifle benighted; I, eager, bullying and more than a little frustrated.

Rehearsals were chaotic, at times frenzied, characteristics which my respected colleagues were more than eager to recognize (and point out!) in the finished production. Admittedly, Mayland McKimm played the title role as if it had been written by Damon Runyan and Isabella Morrison

tackled the difficult role of Goods with little or no concept of the sleazy cabaret luxuries of 1923 Berlin, not to mention the irritating fact that Michael Camp as Friendship threw around his lines with no ear or reverence for national let alone regional dialects.

But to this observer, a thoroughly impartial one I assure you, there were virtues, albeit few. Lindsay Collins brought a touchingly bent and bereft quality to her *Kindred*, Pat Hogan was outrageously innovative as *Death*, and Nona Avren, surely the highlight of the show, spoke a radiant Good-deeds of simple yet appealing sincerity. Perhaps we were unwise to present the production "in the round"; maybe we should not have tinkered with so hallowed a script; possibly "costumes" rather than Capital Iron remnants would have enhanced the physical aspects of the production. I do not know. All that remains is the lingering remembrance of one or two scalp-tingling moments plus a few photographs, unfortunately black-and-white rather than sepia, showing a group which saw a production through, blemished it a little here, abused it frightfully there, but nonetheless had the grace, dignity and determination to mount a production at a most inauspicious time risking not only the implacable wrath of the Theatre Muse but also the disdain of their fellows who were frittering away their time in such profitless pursuits as rowing, track and field, tennis and, most unlikely, academics. My thanks to you all.

As a fitting postscript we are pleased to record that Mayland McKimm, Derek Sharpe and Bruce McKinnon deservedly received Drama Awards on Speech Day for their performances both on and back-stage. May I take this opportunity of congratulating these gentlemen, and, at the same time thanking all those loyal (and highly talented!) club members who continue to keep Drama very much alive in Brentwood.

T.G. Bunch



# BAND 75



This year the Senior band has been somewhat larger in number with the result that with careful balancing particularly in the middle woodwind area, a much greater depth in the alto and lower tenor sections was achieved.

Tuesday and Thursday evening rehearsals were resumed in the second term with the focus of effort being centred in preparation for the Cowichan Festival; we also decided to enter the Victoria Festival.

The Slavonic Dances Opus 46 by the Czech Composer Dvorak as well as being a very suitable piece for competition seemed to meet with enthusiasm from all sections of the band.

In March we won the Butler Bros. Trophy for the second year.

The band joined forces with the choir in giving a highly successful concert in the Empress Hotel, Victoria. This was attended by a surprisingly large number of Victorians and quite a few parents.

Soon after we gave our Annual Concert when such pieces as the overture to Beethoven's opera "Fidelio" was performed. On the same program we derived enormous fun from playing Haydn's 'Toy Symphony' with all its interesting sound effects.

Special mention must be made of instrumental soloists, Ruth Lloyd, bassoon; Bridget Trousdell, French Horn; and Neil Joyce, Saxophone. All performed in a very cool and polished manner.

The extra practices by this time were an established part of routine and this gave us the opportunity to sight read and play through new pieces which helped to sustain interest and prevented our repertoire from becoming stale or over-rehearsed.

Although playing to a small audience, the band gave a concert in George Bonner School as guests of Cowichan Senior Secondary Choir under the direction of Mr. Johnson. This proved to be one of the best performances of the year.

The Victoria Music Festival was a new venture this year, and although the band classes were non-competitive we gained great experience from listening to other bands and differing tastes in performance repertoire.

A trip to Vancouver and St. Georges School for the Independent Schools Music Festival was another date on the calendar. Although this took the form of a concert with no adjudicator, it was an opportunity to hear what the other private schools were doing in music.

It has been quite a successful year and also a busy one; long hours of rehearsal have paid off and musical experiences have been increased through a broad spectrum of repertoire.

Congratulations to Bridget Trousdell, just home, who has been accepted by the music department of the University of Victoria.

R.G.C.







# CHOIR



The Brentwood Choir, under the direction of Mr. James L. Johnson, got off to a slow start because most of its members were also members of the Mikado Cast. They did however, sing at the Christmas Carol Service held in the auditorium.

The choirs next appearance was in the Duncan Music Festival where their performance earned a mark of 92%, although they had entered the non-competitive open class.

They joined the band in a short concert at the Empress Hotel on March 19th in preparation for the annual band-choir concert.

The Annual Concert was well received and featured two guest artists — John Getgood, oboe and Harry Aoke,

string bass.

In the Victoria Music Festival, the choir again entered in the non-competitive class. As a result of its performance, the choir was invited to appear in the Honors Night Program, but was unable to do so because of previous engagements.

At George Bonner School, on May 21st, the Choir and Band were guests of the Cowichan Senior Secondary School's Legend Singers at their first annual concert.

Brentwood College choir made its final appearance at the "School Closing" Speech Day. It closed a very productive, and rewarding year.

J.J.



**America — I'm Sorry**

Tom Benz

It was well past midnight when the ring of the telephone echoed through our two room shack with the frenzy of a giant alarm clock. R.B. shot out of bed and bolted across the room to the phone as if it were crucial to prevent another ring from painning his ears.

"Hello — yes — just hang on a second, the walls here have ears." He put the receiver against his chest and picked up the phone. He grinned at me, I could just make out the two rows of white front teeth. "Business calls again" he chuckled and walked in the other room, shut the door and continued his conversation in privacy.

I had gotten used to being a spectator to his very irregular life. Phone calls in the middle of night, times when he would get up and leave for a week and suddenly reappear, and what aroused my curiosity most of all was his insistence that I should never know anything about his affairs. I had met him almost a year ago when I placed an ad in the L.A. paper that I needed someone to share the rent of a rundown shack that I was forced to call home. He answered the ad only a day after I had put it in the paper. He came to the door and I invited him in but before I could fill him in on the details of the rent, he laid down some ground rules. "My name is R.B.," he started, "nothing more, nothing less. I know you need the money so I'm going to be frank with you. I'm trying to hide here in L.A. not because someone is after me but because I don't want anybody to know I exist. The less you know about me the better for business, the better for me, and believe me, it'll be a hell of a lot better for you. I'm not saying we won't get to be friends because I'm going to ignore you and you're supposed to ignore me. That's not what I want. All I want is no questions and we'll get along just fine."

I told him I'd need a night to think it over. I knew he was probably into crime but I was into petty crime myself. When he came back next day I told him he could move in as long as he would keep me out of his business. Up until now, things had worked just fine and even though I didn't see much of him from day to day, we became good friends, but I could see we would never be very close to each other.

I heard him hang up the phone but it was not until what seemed to be a long time after that he finally emerged from the other room with the telephone in his hand. He paused in the doorway with an emotionless expression on his face. His eyes looked into mine with such a mind searching stare that I began to feel uncomfortable. Sensing my uneasiness he put the phone down and walked over to his bed and sat down across from me.

"I've been waiting for that phone call for a long, long time," he said. "I can make the fortune of a lifetime but, I....uh....can't do it alone." He paused and I could see his expression turning into anticipation. "You could get out of this hole if you came in with me. You'd be set for life. Interested?"

"What is the fortune of a lifetime?"

"A hundred grand."

"What do I have to do for it?"

R.B. stopped and he closed his eyes. I could see that this next answer would make it or break it for him. He got up and pulled out a rather large attache' case from under the bed. He sat down on the bed again with the case on his knees. He looked at me with another mind searching stare. This wasn't like R.B. at all. He always would say what he meant without delay but there was something totally different about him now. That case seemed to hold his life secrets, ones which he was about to divulge. He paused and I waited wordlessly. Finally, he took from around his neck, a chain with a small key attached to it. He inserted it into



each lock and then flipped it open and looked into the case. A bad smile came over his face and he looked back at me still smiling.

"My wares", he said, turning the case for me to view.

My mouth dropped open. Inside was a take apart rifle, with a scope, silencer, recoil pad, and an assortment of bullets and unidentifiable extras. It was all very modern looking, the calibre of the rifle was terrifying and as I looked back at R.B.'s face, that bad smile now seemed sadistic.

"You're...you're a killer!" I stammered. "You want me to kill for you? You're insane! Absolutely insane!"

"No, I want you to kill with me. Killing isn't insane as long as the price is right and your victim is expendable. Don't get uptight and listen to what I have to say before you go running for useless help. Do you know much about the politics and politicians of our beloved country?"

"Some," I answered quietly.

"Well let me fill you in on some of the juicy facts you don't know. A lot of these so called politicians are as deep or deeper into the gangster business than I am. They get a couple of favors from the big wheels to get them up in the world as long as they keep in their place and do a couple of return favors for the big wheels. One of the governors is very slow on his return favors and he's in the process of setting up shop in the bad business for himself. You follow?" I nodded sheepishly. "That doesn't please the big wheels and it doesn't please the average jerk on the street but it please me because I can get one hundred G's for throwing out the garbage." He looked at me square in the eyes for yet another time but I couldn't look back. I rolled onto my back and stared at the ceiling. "You're thinking now that if you say no I'll kill you. You're wrong though. You don't know a thing about me or the job. If you say no I'll just be moving on. I've got all the time in the world. Think about it, one hundred thousand dollars for taking out the garbage."

"If only one governor gets killed what do you need me for?" I asked.

"I need to know if you're in or out before I answer that", he answered.

"Am I to be the garbage man or are you?"

"You are," he answered quietly as if he actually felt some sympathy towards me. I looked back at him. "One hundred thousand dollars," he whispered hypnotically.

Two weeks later we booked into a hotel just inside Dallas. During those two weeks I was taught how to use the rifle and how to kill. My conscience was bothering me so much I had to ignore it and treat it as another person. I literally turned myself into a robot.

Two days after arriving in Dallas we went to survey the killing ground. A contact R.B. knew in Dallas had selected the sight and I was amazed at how R.B. did not question his choice. It was not until then that I realized R.B. was not his own boss and for some reason, that bothered me. The killing would be upon a major street with several tall buildings on either side. R.B. pointed out an old abandoned warehouse. "You'll be up in there. Perfect spot is in the corner on the fifth floor, you get two views of the street. When the motorcade goes by you train on your man. He'll be in the back seat of a Lincoln convertible. It's a presidential car, you can't mistake it. Once you fire your shot I'll immediately start spraying harmless shots into the motorcade from over there," he pointed out a tall apartment building a block further down and on the otherside of the street. "Make sure you leave the gun clean before you run out under the cover of my decoy. There'll be a car waiting for you at the back. The job is the day after tomorrow and we've gone over this a thousand times. Any questions?"

"No," I sighed, "I've got it."

We went on a night on the town that night. I didn't pay for a thing R.B. paid the whole shot. As I was going to bed I couldn't recall that I had spent a better time with R.B. All of the next day I stayed in the hotel. My stomach turned as my palms sweated. I wondered if I was still human. I had a restless sleep and when I finally got out of bed R.B. was nowhere to be found. I ordered breakfast and just after I finished R.B. returned with another man. He introduced him to me as 'my chauffeur'. R.B. went into the bedroom and pulled the attache' case out from under his bed. He came back to us, looked around the hotel room and then said, "Let's go."

We said nothing to each other going downtown. I sat in the back seat, taking in the Texan weather and enjoying the sights of Dallas. We drove up to the back of the warehouse and both R.B. and I got out of the car. He pulled out two pairs of gloves and throwing me one said, "No sense leaving our names around." After putting his on he brushed the handle of the case and gave the gun to me.

"It's clean, keep it clean!" he snorted.

We entered the warehouse through a service door. We walked down a hall to the stairway and made our way to the fifth floor. It was like a giant dance floor, empty except for supporting pillars. We went to the appropriate corner and R.B. opened the window overlooking the street. "Come here," he said motioning towards the window.

"You've got the perfect view here. You should make your hit when our man is directly in front of you", picking a spot he added, "when he passes that fire hydrant. Above all, make sure it's a fatal shot even if you have to fire more than once or we're in trouble." He looked at his watch. "We've got just over an hour. You'll be picked up at the door we came in and no delays or no ride." He took the case-key from around his neck and handed it too me. "Goodbye Lee, good luck," he turned and went down the stairs.

"Odd," I thought, "he never uses my name."

I opened the case and began to assemble the weapon. What kind of mindless machine had I turned into? As each part snapped into place I began to daydream about the final shot, and about bathing in a tub-full of hundred dollar bills. I chose three bullets and took my position in the corner of the warehouse. I could see for miles from my vantage point. I looked down the street and noted the spot where the motorcade would enter it. I scanned back up the street and stopped at the fire hydrant. It seemed as if that were the point where a huge cliff opened out into a bottomless pit. I looked further up the street and noted that I could not see the building where R.B. was to be because an adjacent building blocked the view. I sat on the floor and waited.

The adrenelin began to flow and my heart began to pound. I was getting scared. I kept looking at my watch every five minutes thinking each interval was fifteen. I got up and looked back out the window. A sizeable crowd lined the street. Why were there so many people? I started to shake. I had not counted on a large audience.

Just when I thought the tension would overwhelm me, I began to hear the sounds of a marching band over the din of the city. Fumbling, I inserted the three cartridges into my rifle. I stared with anguish down the street. A horrible stench was in the air but as I looked into the gay crowd below me it was obvious that only I sensed it. I had the distinct feeling I had stepped into something away over my head and would be getting more than I bargained for. the music grew steadily louder and then the parade turned into my battlefield. A marching band was in the lead and following was a small array of floats. The crowd started to cheer and wave. I started to pray. Behind the floats came



an armada of policemen mounted on motorcycles, and in the midst of them came the Lincoln, the hearse.

I closed my eyes and asked myself a thousand questions in a split second. I shook my head, opened my eyes, and braced myself for the inevitable. I gripped the gun firmly as the Lincoln approached. My heart was racing but my thinking was clear. I put the rifle to my shoulder, the scope to my eye and then began to search the world for my victim. He was in the back seat on my side of the car. He was with a woman and another man. My finger touched on the trigger. There was still time before the car reached the hydrant. I decided to look over the other passengers. Everything was in slow motion except for my heart and brain. Somewhere inside I imagined a stop watch. Who was that other man? I couldn't see his face for he was facing the other way but I felt uncomfortable, thinking that I should recognize him. I had no time for such thoughts and I quickly trained the rifle back on my prey's temple. Split seconds to go! I had no connection with the sights and sounds of the world outside my scope. I squeezed the trigger ever so gently, ever so slowly. For an instant time stood still as I realized, in horror, the identity of the other man. It was an instant too late but the horror made me flinch and my shot went astray crashing into my man's ribcage. It probably was not a fatal shot. My eye remained glued to the scope. Suddenly R.B. came into the game. I heard his shots but I was terror struck when I realized where the slugs were going! The first exploded into the president's neck lurching his head back violently, splashing blood, covering the woman beside him and the back seat. The second bullet hit him in the chest with such impact that he was thrown forward and onto the floor of the car out of sight.

My conscience returned saying, "Run, run, run, run,...." I leapt to my feet flinging my gun across the floor. I flew

down the stairs. I could hear hell breaking loose outside. The crowd was panic stricken, sirens were wailing. My knees gave out on the last step and I fell crying out in anguish. Terror replenished my strength and I was back on my feet immediately, sprinting down the hall towards the service door. I reached it and flung it open. When I got outside my heart dropped to the soles of my feet. No chauffeur, no ride, I had been taken!!!

I ran across the alley and into the back fire exit of a theatre which was open for fresh ventilation. I was too late. The alley was already swarming with police and I could hear their shouts of directions to their comrades, as I bolted through the dark cinema and into the main foyer. As I was running out the main door a fist came out of nowhere landing full force on my jaw knocking me down. Before I could recover they were on me, punching and kicking. They dragged me outside with a gun at my head, put on the handcuffs and threw me in the back of a police car. A brute of a cop got in beside me and sneered, "You ass-hole, you gutless traitor."

We sped off. I was speechless and exhausted. I looked into the crowd as we moved through the streets. Suddenly I saw R.B. on a corner walking briskly toward the chauffeur's car parked on the side of the street. I turned quickly but before I could utter a sound I was stifled with a billy club. I blacked out. It was over.

News bulletin — Lee Harvey Oswald charged with the assassination of President John F. Kennedy was shot and killed today as he was being transferred to a maximum security prison. His murderer was Jack Ruby, a chronic cancer victim. It has been weeks since the tragedy when Oswald brutally killed the president and seriously wounded Senator.....



The Beaumont train station was about to lose the last rush of passengers of the day. A clear voice with a slight southern accent spoke from the intercom speaker which hung from the high central arch of the passenger area. "Last call for train passengers going to New Orleans, all aboard please." Those that had not yet boarded grabbed their belongings and paced quickly to the platform. There, the train waited, releasing little puffs and whistles of bottled up energy that sent clouds of steam floating out from under its rugged iron wheels. Then, with one prolonged painful sigh the train jerked forward, emitted a spray of gray smoke and jerked forward again and again, until the movement became smooth as the train increased speed and left the station.

With obvious haste, a young, well dressed man carrying a large suitcase bolted through the entranceway to the station, and in an awkward trot headed for the ticket counters, threw his suitcase down in front of the nearest wicket, wiped his face with his handkerchief and said, rather loudly; "I want to buy a ticket to New Orleans, how much is it?"

"Eleven dollars for a coach fare and first class ticket is twenty", the ticket man replied in a dull monotone voice.

"Give me a first class ticket please", said the man in the tailored suit as he patted the outsides of his jacket pockets.

The ticket man lowered his wire glasses over his nose, picked a red ticket from a stack, stamped it and laid it on the counter. The young man, in turn, laid a fifty dollar bill beside the ticket and waited for change.

"I see the train hasn't arrived yet."

"Arrived"? the ticket man pondered.

"Yes, the train...to New Orleans."

"It's left, went maybe five, ten minutes ago, you'll have to catch the 5:30 train."

"You mean the next train doesn't come till 5:30 in the morning!"

The young man's face fell in disbelief.

"That's right sir, here's your change."

"But....oh hell!" He snatched the ticket off the counter and collected three bills from the ticket man. Not knowing what to do, he stood, undid his collar, loosened his tie and waited.

"Anything else?"

"Uh...no thank you."

The ticket man then lowered a small sign in front of the ticket window that read; "Please use next wicket."

The young man slowly came to the ugly realisation that a five hour wait was in store for him. Collecting his bags he viewed the near deserted lobby and walked slowly to a row of chairs. Then in a slow manner dropped his suitcase, pinched his pants just above the knees and fell into a chair. Directly ahead on a marbled coloured wall was a large clock. The young man gazed at it for what seemed like hours. Then, a faint tap on the young man's shoulder jolted him from his half sleep.

"Howdy."

"Um...Hello", the young man looked into the face of a stranger who had settled in the adjacent chair. He was sort of a gawky looking fellow, tall and thin, with a wide grin that seemed to terminate beyond his cheeks.

"They call me slim", the stranger said. "In these parts they do anyway, anywhere in between here n' Orleans, near evr'body knows Slim. Don't know you though, you're..."

"David Rutherford", the young man said.

"Ya, thought so...", Slim quickly asserted.

"You mean you know me?" said David doubtfully.

"No, I mean I don't know you...like I thought", Slim said and smiled.

David noticed that the stranger had a pack of worn cards that he shuffled over and over.

"Goin' to New Orleans on the 5:30 eh? Saw ya buyin' yer ticket. Too bad ya missed the 12:30, you wouldn't have to sit around Beaumont station and do sweet nothin' for five hours", Slim said, and reshuffled his cards.

"Yes, I suppose you're right, I had business in town. Couldn't get a taxi, they're hard to find at this time of night", David said as he patted the outsides of his jacket pockets.

"Say, would you like a smoke? Only got 'makens', don't smoke 'tailor mades'."

"Thanks anyway, got my own", said David as he removed a cigarette from his "Sportsman" package.

"Wanna light?" Slim smiled.

"Thanks".

Slim layed down his pack of cards and started to make his own cigarette with a fluency and style that could only be achieved through much practice. Then placed it in the side of his mouth, lit it, and left it hanging so that the ash would be pointing downward.

"Hey", Slim said, "why don't you join me in a hand or two of cards, maybe poker or somethin', just to pass the time".

David's first reaction was 'no'. He thought it was rather strange that he would be selected before anyone else in the lobby to play cards. But then his eyes met with the face of the clock and he reconsidered.

"Well sure, it will pass the time by", he said, as he restrained himself in his chair.

"We could play on this suitcase here", said Slim as he turned David's suitcase on its side and manouvered it in between the chairs. Then he scooped up his pack of cards and proceeded to shuffle them with a twinkle in his eye.

"I guess you play a lot of cards around these parts", said David.

"Well I guess you could say that. Spend plenty o' time travelling you know, and sure as heck there's gonna be times like this when cards come in handy..." "Poker"?

David nodded his head in approval. Slim quickly deposited two piles of five cards on the suitcase. A few moments after David had time to look at his hand Slim peered through a faint veil of smoke and said, "Gonna make a discard"?

David who appeared slightly uneasy shook his head to indicate "No".

Slim then laid three cards from his hand onto the suitcase and took three cards from the deck.

"Well whatcha' got"? Slim inquired.

David, trying desperately hard to suppress a smile, laid his hand on the table, exposing a full house of jacks and tens.

"That's some hand you got yourself there", said Slim. "Sure beats me, all I got's a pair o' nines".

"How about another hand"? said David cheerfully.

"Okay we'll make this one 'stud', no draw, that is". Slim collected his cards, reshuffled them and dealt. David looked across the suitcase at Slim, he was smiling.

"Say, I bet you don't get a hand as good as that one this time", said Slim.

"You mean money"? David replied.

"No, No, just a gentlemans bet".

"Alright", said David, and then reached forward to collect his cards. As he looked down onto his arranged hand he cleared his throat.

"Okay whatcha' got"? said Slim.

"Four queens", said David proudly and lowered his perfectly arranged hand onto the suitcase.



"Have you ever seen luck like that before?" Slim added.

David restraughtened himself in his chair and began to smile with considerable content. He was impressed with his luck, having never thought that he was a potential card shark. Then, as he turned his gaze across the suitcase he saw Slim smiling as if he was about to laugh.

"What is it?" said David.

"Well", Slim explained. "You didn't really get a full house or four of a kind. Not really, I mean not by luck. I sort of 'arranged' it, if ya know what I mean, for fun kinda..."

David spoke with a mischievous grin. "You could make yourself a pile of money with that trick of yours".

"Could", agreed Slim. "But why, I mean I don't need the money".

David didn't reply. Instead he watched Slim as he reshuffled the cards. He could not see how it was possible to fix the deck as well as Slim could.

"You fellas playin' cards?"

David and Slim quickly turned around and saw a stranger standing before them. He was heavy set, much shorter than Slim, and wore a peaked cap decorated with fish hooks. His voice was excited.

"Why I guess you could say that, just a hand or two to pass the time, maybe you'd like t' sit in a few rounds", said Slim.

"That's just what I had in mind", replied the stranger.

"I'm Slim Randall, just call me Slim, and this is my friend David Rutherford".

"Rutherford", corrected David.

"Sorry, Rutherford", said Slim as he began to smile.

"And I'm Ike Dupree", said the stranger, as he pulled his chair alongside the suitcase. "What's the 'Ante?'"

"Ante?" murmured David.

"A buck", Slim replied loudly.

David looked at Slim wondering what was going on. Slim, who was beginning to deal the cards, stared back at David as if to say "why not?" Having never played poker for money except when he was much younger, was apprehensive. But before he had a chance to withdraw, five cards rested in front of him, and Slim and Ike's ante of two dollars appeared in the centre of the suitcase. David paused for a moment, gazed at the clock, patted his jacket pockets, removed his wallet and placed a dollar on top of the suitcase.

Slim and Ike bent forward and picked up their cards. Then David slowly reached forward, grabbed his cards and arranged them. Trembling slightly he looked at Slim. Slim quickly looked at David's puzzled face and winked.

"Well gentlemen", said Ike, "I think I'll pass on this."

"Likewise", said Slim.

David, who was sweating lightly said in a weak voice "pass".

Simultaneously the three players dropped their upright cards on the table and examined each others hands.

"A full house", said David hesitently.

"That'll take me anyday", added Ike.

"Me too", said Slim, "I guess it's yours".

David reached forward picked up two of the three dollars that lay on the suitcase and pushed them uneasily into his pockets. He was still quite puzzled. "Why would Slim want to cheat for me? Maybe he wants me to split the profits with him." thought David.

Ike looked over towards David and said, "Why you must be lucky or somethin', hardly nobody gets a hand like that". David nodded in agreement and watched Slim deal another round.

David, trying to control his eagerness, reached forward, collected his hand and separated the five cards without hurry before his eyes. Then he peered over at Ike, who had a slight smile on his lips and sat erect in his chair.

"Two", said Ike proudly as he deposited two dollars on the suitcase.

"I'll fold", Slim said shamefully.

David glanced at Slim and at the money on the suitcase and suddenly announced.

"Okay, I'll see your two and raise ya five."

"Five?" said Ike, "Well if that's the way you want it. Five bucks eh? All right I'll just have to raise you ten."

David listened nervously to Ike, reached into his pocket for his wallet, removed a ten dollar bill and set it on the suitcase. "Call", he said.

David lowered his hand onto the suitcase and proudly said "Four queens". Then automatically reached towards the loosely packed pile of money.

"Not so fast, I got four Kings", said Ike as he began to laugh.

"Four Kings!" thought David, "It can't be." He stared anxiously at Slim, who shrugged his shoulders openly. Angrily David arose from his chair and grabbed his suitcase, spilling the cards and money on the floor.

"Good evening gentlemen", he said and quickly paced away in disgust.

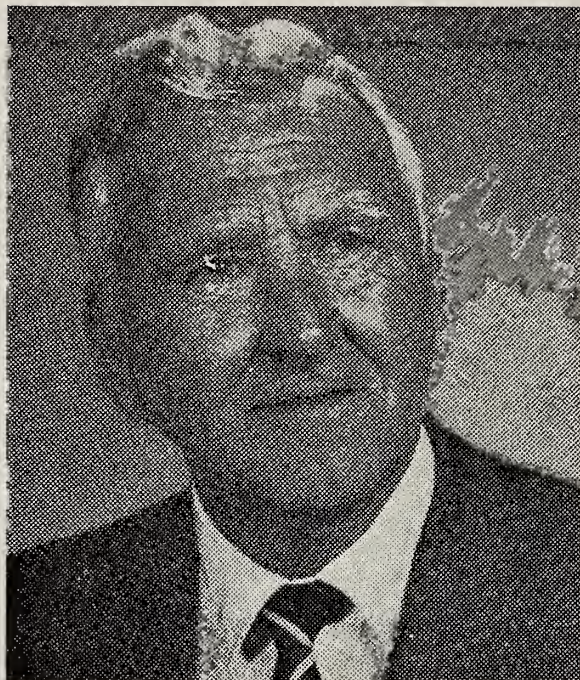
After David was out of view Ike bent over and collected the money that was laying on the floor. Slim scooped up his cards and returned to his chair.

"You played it beautifully", said Ike.

"Thanks", said Slim, as he began to reshuffle his cards.



# Old Brentonians



As you have in the Minutes of the Annual Meeting of the Old Brentonians Association, last paragraph, the position of Executive Secretary became vacant. It was suggested that someone who had reached the venerable age of retirement and still had some of his few marbles might be willing to fill the vacancy. I enquired quite quietly as to what the position entailed and before I could say "yea" or "nay" found myself with an office, typewriter, waste-paper basket, etc. and the official position of Executive Secretary. However, I am more than glad to do all I can to serve the Association and the College in every way possible.

For those of you who do not know me, perhaps a short resume of my life may give you a little insight into history, which has always been closely associated with Schools, particularly St. Michael's and Brentwood College. Born on Salt Spring Island 1908. St. Michael's 1918-1924. On to Brentwood 1924-27. Was always very keen on games.

Attained captaincy of soccer teams at St. Michael's and Rugby XV at Brentwood 1926-7 year. I look back on those three years as some of the happiest of my life. I left the College to go straight into teaching at St. Michael's, forty seven long, but also very happy years. 17 of those years were spent as Headmaster of St. Michael's; and now here I am hoping to do my small bit for Brentwood.

On that score, will you help too. Get in touch with us here, as soon as you can — right now if possible. We want to hear from you — what you are doing and what the future holds in store for you. I, in my turn, will try to answer your letters as quickly as possible. Of course if you are in town (Victoria or Nanaimo) drop in to the Old School — we would love to see you and talk over the old days.

Now let's get the ball rolling.

Kyrle W. Symons  
Executive Secretary.



# OLD BRENTONIANS ASSOCIATION

The Association now has 18 Life Members and one hundred and twenty two Members in good standing for the year 1975. Two News-Letters went out this year — one in January and one at the end of March. Next year we hope this will be increased to three, the first to come out in the Sept-Dec. term. We have no means of knowing if these News-Letters reach their intended destination — if you did not receive one, let us know and be sure to include your latest address. We are always looking for "Lost" Old Brentonians. While we cannot include a list of these this time, perhaps our next publication will include one. Please give us any help you can.

We are now in the process of collecting together, pictures of the school from early days. Pictures from 1923 to 1928 are now beautifully framed, by Mr. A. Privett and have been hung in the Main Entrance Hall. We can now go on with the years 1928-1932; however we seem to have no picture records of the year 1932-3. If you have pictures of the whole school, teams, etc., would you care to donate them to the cause — we would be most grateful. Also any Teams for 1933-4, the whole school for 1935-6, whole school and rugby team for 1937-8, whole school, rugby and any other teams for 1937-8. From there on we are fairly complete.

Brief News cuttings sent in on information slips by Old Brentonians.

James M. Britton 66/69 Two years appointment in Tanzania. Sponsored by CUSO.

Bill Brown 69/70 Now sales manager of new Radio Station in Taber, Alberta.

T. Jamieson Quirk 24/28 Major retired. Has served in 8 of the 10 Provinces. Eight and a half years Foreign Service including two and half years Canadian Joint Staff in Wash. D.C. — Far East and Europe.

David Sutton /74 Plans to sail round the world in fall of '76.

Jacques Crommelin 25/17 Still in Real Estate and plans to remain as long as health holds out. Asks if name of Association is still 'Old Brentonians'? Yes, it is.

Denis F. Winchel 72/73 Now Freshman at Stanford U. with 2nd. year status. Plans to get M.A. in International Relations in 3 years. In fall will attend Stanford Campus in Vienna.

David J.S. Keefe 61/63 Married. Now with H.B. Oil and New Land Distinct of S. Alberta.

Peter C. Clarke (Staff 61/66) Retired from teaching and into number of business ventures. Also President of Canadian Rugby Union.

Bruce M. Heslip 71/74 Taking a course to become a 'Surface Observer', after which he plans to travel to Toronto and take an 'Upper Air' course in weather observation.

C.C. Woodward (Kip) 72/74 Attending Univ. of West. Ontario. Planning to attend business school in 2 years.

Monty Cawker /73 You might find him on a Ski Trip to Tod Mt., Banff or Lake Louise. In 2nd. year Arts. U.B.C.

Dr. Maurice Young. Still very active with the Association. Appointed Associate Dean, Faculty of Medicine U.B.C. Was effective October 1st. 1974.

Michael R. Evans '64-65 Univ. of Puget Sound. Tacoma, Wash.

65-69 Simon Fraser Univ.

68 B.A.

69 P.B. Teaching Certificate.

66-68 Captain of S.F.U. 1st XV.

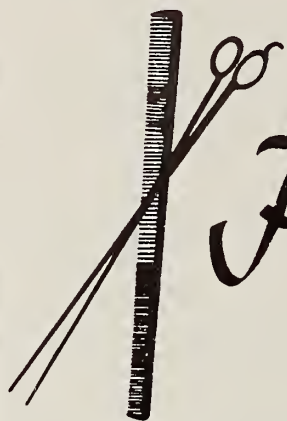
69-71 Teaching at Brentwood.

71- Salesman H.W. Dickie Ltd. Duncan.

David Stewart Scot. /71 Engaged to be married. 4th. year Heavy Duty Mechanic Apprentice. Also has Private Pilots Licence.

Michael Lax. /74 Attending Camosun College. Victoria. Working hard at track and field.





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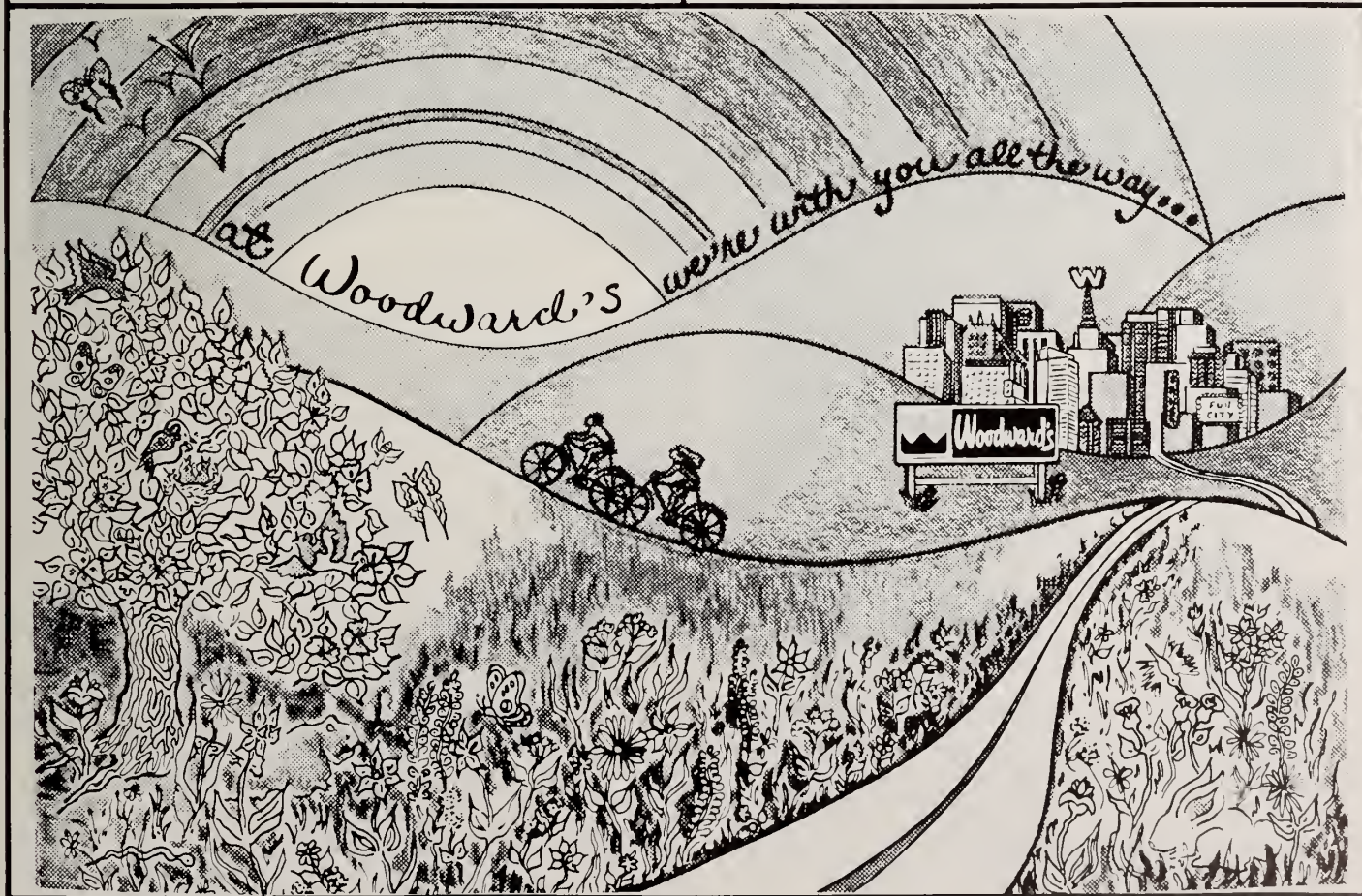
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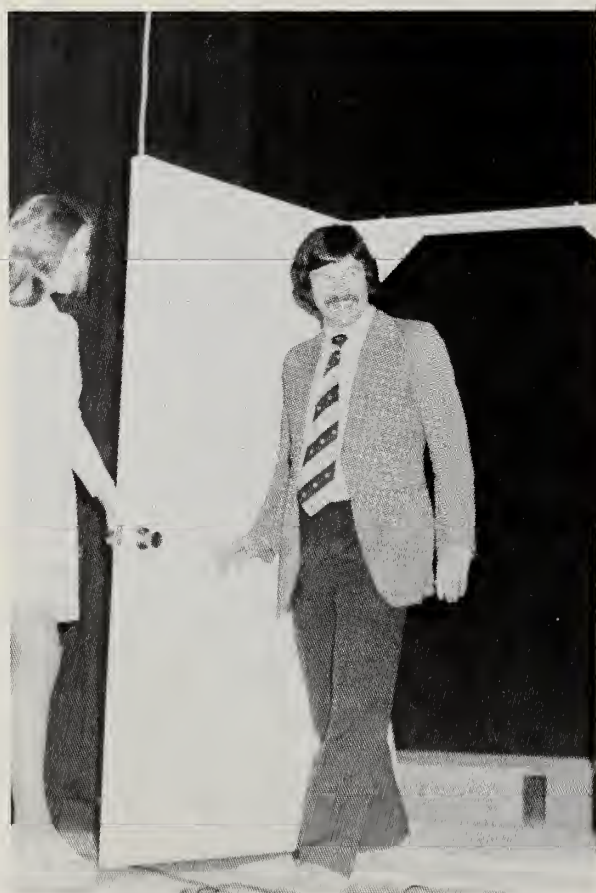
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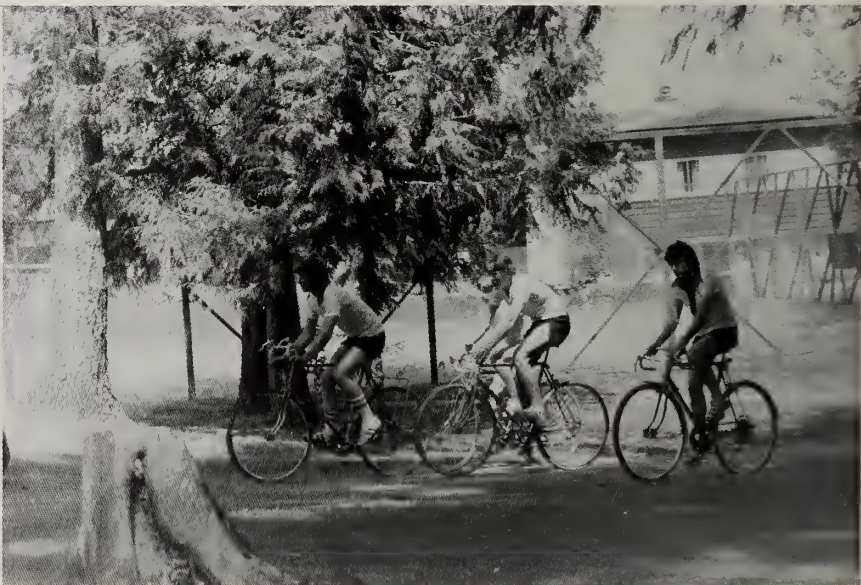


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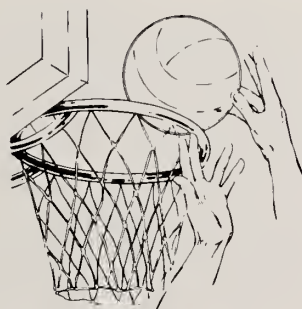
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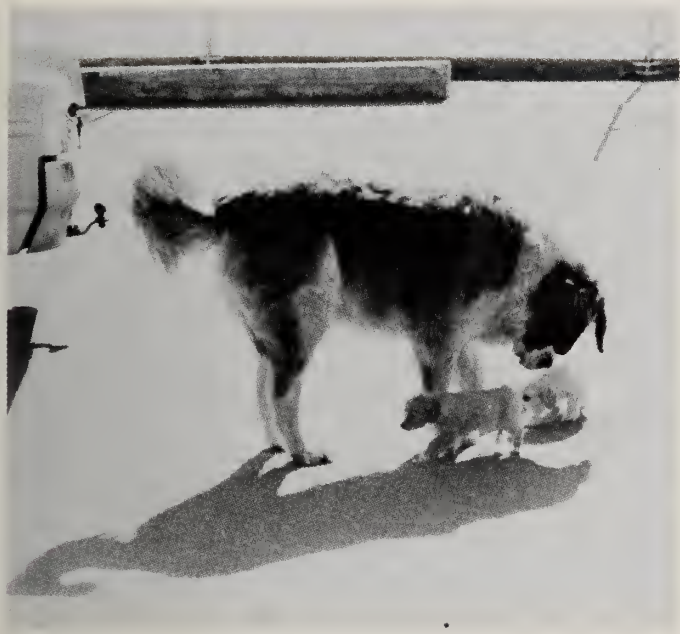
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